

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JULY, 1844.

Embellishments :

PORTRAITS OF MARINER AND SHADOW :

Drawn and engraved by J. N. GIMBREDE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALBANY, N. Y. - - Bull's Head Course, Trotting, 10th July, 18th July, and 25th July.
FORT GIBSON, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
FORT SMITH, Arks Sweepstakes, etc., 2d Friday, 8th Oct.
GODERICH, C. W. - Maitland Course, Spring Meeting, 4th and 5th July.
HAYNEVILLE, Ala. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Nov.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Dec.
MONTREAL, C. W. - St. Pierre Course, 3d Tuesday, 20th Aug.
NEW YORK CITY - Racing Sweepstakes, four and two mile heats, 1st and 2d Oct.
" " " " Foot Race for \$1000, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. Association, Eclipse Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th Jan.

MARINER AND SHADOW.

Portraits of these fine horses embellish the present number of the "Register." It was the intention of the Editor to have visited both before the Portraits were issued, that he might write understandingly of their characteristics, not having seen either for a long time. Before the next number of this Magazine appears, he hopes to accomplish this purpose, and to be able to say something, from personal observation, of their stock, which is understood to be of very high promise.

A GOSSIP IN SEASON.

BY AN OXONIAN.

"Who beholds his mortal foe
Stretched at his feet, applauds the glorious deed."—SOMERVILLE.

THE great Lord Byron abused angling—

"He did! then he could not have been good as well as great."

The great Lord Byron, we repeat, abused angling. As to his being a great man, there is very *little* doubt about that; and, what is yet more, his opinions generally carried a great deal of weight with them; and weight, as we say on the turf, must and will tell.

"Then you mean to say that—"

No, we don't; we don't mean to say anything of the sort. But what we *do* mean to say is, that his lordship, in this case, knew nothing whatever of the sport which he took upon himself to condemn; and as to paying any attention to these kind of opinions, why we should as soon think of asking Sir Robert Peel what's to win the Goodwood Cup, or the well-known Mr. Gregory how to amend the law of libel.

"O come, come—now you speak something like a—"

Stop a minute, good friend, we haven't done with him yet. The same noble lord and noble poet sneered at fox-hunting; and the Englishman who could do that would abuse his own country or his own abilities.

"Bravo, bravo!"

The man who delights in snarling at the rational amusements of his fellow-men—we don't care who or how high he is, lord-lieutenant for the county, or six feet three without his shoes—we would say it to his face, is *not* a man, but a man-hater; and why for a moment should really manly fellows, and right good sportsmen, trouble themselves as to what a wretched tub-hugging cynic thinks or says about them?

"Lord Byron and his opinions be—"

Gently, gently, gently! Come now, we won't give his ideas another thought, but go regularly on as if we had never heard his name. A more unpretending, or a more harmless, recreation than fishing we know not, nor one by which the powers of mind or body could be more benefited; and yet, setting aside the attacks on the disciple of Master Izaak, which sheer malice and all uncharitableness alone are accountable for, even brother sportsmen cannot resist now and then having a rap at him.

"Eh! Patience on a monument, had much sport?" and then, without waiting for an answer, going off with an aside—"The old story, I see, a fool at one end and a flat at the other—must be a flat fish indeed to be gammoned by such a fellow as that."

But Piscator can well afford to echo the laugh, and keep the

even tenor of his way rejoicing, though perhaps unnoticed. This last fact, by-the-bye, has often struck us as the reason why angling, though so gentle and (in many respects) so lady-like an amusement, is still far from enjoying a very great share of aristocratic or fashionable patronage; and why those who continue, season after season, to frequent the burn-side must be really fond of the sport as a sport, and not be induced rather by something appertaining to it to declare themselves, and appear as fishermen. There is here none of that blaze of beauty and fashion that attend the high-mettled racer to lure the exquisite to study "the gentle science;" small field have we for the would-be hero to disport his prowess and his turn-out, in comparison with the crowd and pomp he is certain of meeting by meeting the foxhounds. The expense is less, the danger less, the excitement less, and—

"Anything you please, but the real pleasure, and on that point we yield to none."

Look at him creeping down of a May morning, through the dewy meadows or long winding lanes, in an almost seedy jacket and really "shocking bad hat," perhaps without a companion to cheer him on his way, or, if he has one, as in the moment of victory so beautifully depicted in our print, it must be *one*, and not a whole party; at such a time he delights not to hear the shouts of thousands proclaiming his success; he raises not the maddening who-whoop, in the outbreak of ecstasy, which shall draw together the neighboring villagers to admire the triumph he has achieved; even the good report with which "the dead shot" announces every feather bagged, he gladly dispenses with; and though all is "triumph now and joy," all is quiet and unassuming. For all this, Master Piscator is as pleasant a companion and as welcome a guest, wherever he goes, as any of his more rattling and seemingly more important contemporaries—quite as agreeable, if not quite so troublesome; and if he does not value himself at exactly so high a figure, not a bit the worse for that.

Let us indulge ourselves with our favorite watchword—"Proof," and, as the lawyers say, "take a case or two in point." Well, you are a country gentleman, a magistrate, a clergyman—or, if you will, take the yokel's definition, "a man as does nothing at all for his living"—you are blessed with a tidy little fortune, with a wife, and an establishment on the same moderate terms, and in fact, in a small way—and that is the *only* way—as comfortable as need be. To proceed:—About the middle of September, October, November, or somewhere about that time, we won't be nice to a day or two, you are agreeably surprised, at breakfast, by the information, that your old friend Ram-jam Poppleton will do himself the pleasure, and you the honor, of visiting your Penates, for the purpose of a little exercise among the hares, birds, pheasants, and such like flesh and fowl, to be found in your neighborhood. Having satisfied your wife as to his moral character, the color of his hair, and the amount of his family and income, and also assisted in the debate on the expediency of introducing giblet soup or rabbit curry, you hear no more of the matter until an hour before sunset,

when the sound of wheels announces the approach of your friend at a regular American trotter pace, and in a trap much resembling those patronised by town travellers to ginger beer and soda water manufactories. That you are at the door in an instant, have him by the hand, and show in the well-covered double-barrel, are matter of course ; but, just as you expect him to follow, he has let down the back board of "the pop shop," and discovered three travelling companions, a couple of spaniels, and a great big brown pointer.

"Fine dog this, Green, come and have a look at him."

"He is, indeed, magnificent!"

Ponto brushes up amazingly at this, and, taking the hint of "hie, hie!" proceeds to show off in a good wide range in the shrubbery. He is out of sight for a minute, and the next appears with—"Why damn the dog! Ponto, Ponto, drop it sir!"

It is dropt accordingly ; *to wit*, a favorite, and very diminutive game cock.

"Confound the dog! but never mind, Green, Cock-a-doodle-doo is not hurt—live to win a Welsh main yet ; all the better for it, if anything."

"Yes, I think he is ; [*aside*] as clear a case of broken wind as ever was seen."

"Now, do you know I like him the more for this—shows there's some devil in him, and I would'nt give a sixpence for a dog without a little."

Tinkle, tinkle—crash—mash—screech—"Gracious goodness ! all the glass in the house broken ! What *can* be the matter?"

Round the corner you both hurry, when John meets you,

"With dismal face,
Long as a courier's out of place
Portending some disaster."

"What is it, John?"

"O, nothing's the matter, sir ; only the gentleman's dog see the stuffed fox in the library, and made a dash at him through the bow-window, and knocked down some of Missus's China."

We pity the dull wight who cannot picture to himself "the sweet smile" with which "Missus" *welcomes* "my old friend, Mr. Ram-jam Poppleton."

For a second, we will go to the turf—the tip-top at once ; as the higher on the list, the more likely shall we be to have a strong case. Well, then, some other old friend has determined to win, or, at any rate, to try his chance for the Warwick, the Wolverhampton, Abingdon, Stamford, Nottingham, or some cup, the line for which, from his horse's stable, is close by your door. That the nag should halt one night with you, is a compliment he cannot resist paying ; and, really, receiving such a lion as a thoroughbred race-horse, with all his travelling accoutrements, his valet, his boots, brushes, night-cap, &c. &c., is no small honor, according to some people's notions. Finding good entertainment for one horse and man being such a mere *bagatelle*, you never say a

word to any of your establishment as to their coming at all; until, one afternoon, the very day in fact the horse is to arrive, but you'd forgotten it, the privacy of your "study" is broken in upon by a message from James (the groom) who "wants to know what he's to do with the *half-a-dozen* racers as is just come into the yard?"

"*Half-a-dozen*! Nonsense, man! *one*, you mean—*one* is coming, I know."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but James said there was *six*, as well as he could count them."

James's arithmetic is quite correct. Your friend's horse has taken the usual liberty of bringing a few *friends* of his—the trainer's whole string, in fact; and now comes the question, what's to be done with them? We are not supposing your stabling to be a copy of that at Woburn Abbey or Houghton, where they would take a troop or two of horse, and think nothing of it. No, you are limited for room, and the new comers are *rather* particular. "Lord Steady-stake's mare never slept in anything but a loose box in her life; the Camel colt would kick a stall to pieces almost before he was in it; and Mr. Markham (that's your friend, indeed) will have a mighty poor chance of winning the cup if his horse, too, don't have a good, large, roomy, warm box." These observations, by the way, are put very much in the style of indignant demands. You have *three* boxes certainly; but then your *three* favorite hunters are in them. "But, never mind *them*, out they must come—put them any where—into the pigsty, barn, or any shed that will hold them; only, pray make haste, for these horses, the head lad swears, are all catching their deaths of cold, and he can't answer for the consequences." The demands for hot water, sponges, and cold meat, or the injury the attendant pigmies, who have something of Ponto's "devil," assisted by a Newmarket education, do to the orchards, the game-preserves, and the heads of the maid-servants, is a state of chaos at which we dare only hint.

But surely, all this time we are straying "far, far away" from Piscator. Nay, was it not for his advantage that we did deviate? And is he, too, one of those welcome guests who, when they *cut*, you hope will never come again? *He*, what "dear, quiet Mr. Silk-line," as everybody in the house calls him, from your wife down to the scullery-maid—"a gen'leman as never gives no trouble to nobody," as the shoe-boy says, "but who always behaves like a prince; though he *will* clean his own fishing-boots." That's his character, wherever he goes; and such it always must be, for it depends on himself. He has no sins of "horses, hounds, and men" in attendance to answer for, and, in lieu of that very engaging devilry, has a temper as gentle *as a* gentle, and as harmless as one of his self-manufactured flies. Then again, if you are not a sportsman, there is still pleasure in talking with him, and of his sport; he abounds not in the puzzling technicalities of the man with one thought, that "gave him a stone; 'F. Y. C.; weight for age; collared him directly; then he was challenged; P. P.;" or, "a widish cast; threw up their heads; sterns down; never recovered him; war heel; Skirters, Taylors, and Master Reynolds."

Piscator seasons his discourse with nothing of this kind ; he can speak of a cloudy, rainy morning, and observe the effect it has on a man's spirits, perhaps, sooner than he would on a fish-pond ; and can refer to the paste of an apple-tart without bounding off to the best paste for killing a chub. He has an eye, too, for scenery, and delights in the picturesque perhaps as much as Clarkson Stanfield himself ; he can, for instance, look at a hawthorn hedge, without inwardly resolving how he should "go at it," or wondering whether there is a ditch on the other side ; and can call admiration to a beautiful range of meadow land, without suggesting "what a devilish good two-mile gallop might be made there." In short, take him either by the side of the stream, or over the mahogany, whether with pencil or fly-rod in hand, at home or abroad, we cannot conscientiously recommend a more agreeable companion than the gentleman who is now engaged in throwing his artificial ephemera,

"To walk the waters like a thing of life."

Of all varieties of fishing, from harpooning whales to pinning minnows, we vote in favor of that which our artist has chosen to illustrate ; it draws out all the energy and talent of the sportsman, and is practised without so many of those drawbacks which in other kinds of angling are unavoidable. Who has not, over and over again, experienced the miseries that live and other baits bring upon the bottom fisher—the dirtiness, the delay, and the continual manual labor required in making them "ship-shape ?" How different is the case with the fly-fisher—the real artist, who wanders along, mile after mile, doing tremendous execution with his "gay deceiver," and all without soiling his fingers ! Then as to the ability requisite, why, any half-baked lout may loll over a fat float watching for a bob, as a hint to make his clumsy attempt ; but, for the trout stream, we must have as great a command of the arm and wrist, as good a whip hand, in fact, as Charley Jones himself or any other knight of the "tapering crop," a delicacy of touch equal to Paganini, and an elegance of attitude that may rival Macready. There is nothing can compare with it in the practice of Walton and Cotton but trolling : and that is decidedly far inferior, being less a scientific amusement than *bonâ fide* hard labor : we have tried it, and, not possessing the strength of a Hercules, found one trial quite sufficient. Again, look at the reward—a great coarse un-eatable pike or a trout ? The very word is enough, without any endearing and well-deserved epithet we could have found worthy of it. This, by the way, reminds us that if any of our distant friends should fall in with a specimen or two, which they think would look well in black and white (*i. e.*, engraved), we shall be happy to receive them : it is hardly necessary to say that the *fresher* they are the more justice will be done them by the artist, to whose hands they will immediately be consigned.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAITS OF SIR HERCULES AND BEE'S WING.

WE think these Portraits are designed to advantage, by making something more of a picture of them, instead of painting a dry facsimile upon a path of green, or the equally uninteresting floor of a stable. We have here a Park landscape, intersected by a stream that forms the boundary of Sir Hercules' domain, and separates him from Bee's-wing. Apparently in the merest courtesy, he is wading across to make a morning call upon his neighbor, who is quietly observing his politeness *sub tegmine fagi*. They are good portraits, rather fat perhaps, but worthy the patronage of the men "i'-the North" who take any interest in Turf Annals.

THE ENGLISH FIRESIDE—BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.

Mr. Mills is already known to our Readers as the Author of "The Old English Gentleman," and "The Stage Coach, or the Road of Life," both of which obtained well-merited patronage. "The English Fireside" is a tale of the past, in which the celebrated King of the Gipsies, Bamfylde Moore Carew, appears in a different light from the "birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour," hitherto published of that eccentric individual. The leading characters, however, embodied in the three volumes before us, are two poachers, the one a youthful devil-may-care haired-brained fellow, who sets all authority at defiance and beards the keeper in his den in the pursuit of his "unlawful livelihood;" the other, under the assumed character of a crippled rat-catcher, following his vocation, without suspicion of his real craft, even with more success than his adventurous and high-spirited friend. Then we have a warm-hearted ancient spinster and her niece—an exemplary Vicar and his daughters—a Sporting Squire, who has outrun his ample fortune, but still lives in the present, and forgets the past, and his son—a daughter of the wandering tribes of Egypt, the mother of the reckless poacher—all mixed in a pleasing narrative of events and adventure, which, whilst they excite the sympathies of the Reader, bring back to his feeling the joys and pleasures of "the old house at home." The characters are well sustained throughout, as they were in his previous works: and Mr. Mills may rest assured that his "English Fireside" will *not* find its way to the trunkmakers' shops in the time specified for the reception of modern publications in literature."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILI, VET. SURGEON.

Continued from the last number of the "Turf Register," page 332.

WALKING EXERCISE.

To lay down all the precise rules for exercising the different descriptions of horses, would occasion the extending of this work to a voluminous size, a thing of all others I very much wish to avoid. Yet I shall endeavor to lay down, in the most explicit manner I possibly can, the different sorts of exercise that should be adopted, according to the circumstances that are likely to occur in the training of a number of race horses, with reference to the effects such exercises may produce on horses of different tempers and constitutions. In this chapter I confine myself alone to the various uses or advantages to be derived from walking exercise being properly administered to horses, according as they may require it.

This exercise first commences in the morning in the stable-yard. The horses should all walk round here, as long as the groom considers it is requisite, which will depend on the season of the year, as also the state or condition the horses may be in. In winter, should the weather be unfavorable, as frost, their principal exercise will daily be here; but in the summer they walk here only for the purpose of allowing the saddles to get settled to their backs, or rather until some of them may have done setting up their backs. But the time they may have to walk here in winter will depend on whether they are in strong work, as being in training: or whether, from indulgence, they may have become pretty hearty: if they are in the latter state, they will require a longer time to walk here, to steady them, before they are allowed to be walked out on to the downs: unless these precautions are taken, accidents will, as I have already observed, sometimes occur. If horses are in strong work, the walking exercise they have to take in the morning on the downs, previous to taking their gallops, need be but for a very short time; they may walk here in a large circle, merely for the purpose of allowing them to stretch their legs and empty themselves, during which time the groom is to give his orders to the boys, as to what classes each of their horses are to go into, prior to the whole of them going up their gallops. Their gallops being done, they may return to the usual walking ground, where they are to walk until they are perfectly cool and collected; they then proceed to the troughs to water, and then, after taking a short slow gallop, they are walked into the stable; this, generally speaking, is the usual or daily arrangement of their walking exercise. But to what further extent this sort of exercise may occasionally

be continued must depend on a variety of circumstances, such as the physical or mechanical powers of different horses. The walking exercise formerly given to horses gluttonously inclined was often carried to too great an extent, and more particularly after they had been sweating. For my own part, I am not partial to more of this sort of exercise than is absolutely necessary.

Walking exercise will be found requisite, first, to allow all horses time for emptying themselves, to give flexibility to their muscular system, and keep fine their legs; and more particularly to those among them that may have to be often in strong work. Secondly, to assist in steadying those horses which may be too hearty, and full of their gambols. Thirdly, to give delicate flighty horses an appetite for their food, as well as to assist in steadying them.

To describe the precise time that may be required for horses when in training to be at walking exercise, to accomplish the purposes I have just mentioned, would be too tedious; suffice it, therefore, to say, that some horses may not require to be at this sort of exercise more than half an hour, some others an hour or an hour and a half; on some occasions two hours may be given to very delicate flighty horses, for the purpose of increasing their appetites and steadying them. Horses that are in strong work, when kept too long at walking exercise, get careless and become stale and weary on their legs. There is no greater proof of this, than that when they are in the stables, and have been dressed and fed, the stables are no sooner shut up, than they immediately lay themselves down at full length, and thus they lie stretched out until the stables are again opened. Now, generally speaking, unless horses are over fatigued in their work, they have no natural propensity to lie down more than six or eight hours out of the four-and-twenty.

Whenever horses may be at walking exercise on a course, up between the rails, the groom is to bear in mind never to let them turn to come back, until they have passed the winning-post, for the usual length at which the horses are pulled up after running, previous to their going home to the stables. This rule stands good when horses take their gallops on a course, and the same when they may have to sweat over one.

To conclude this subject, we will suppose a number of horses (say a dozen) to have had their physic, and to have been long enough at walking exercise, to have given sufficient strength and tone to the tendons of their legs, so as to allow them with safety to commence their gallops; the use and effects of which we will speak of in the next chapter.

GALLOPING EXERCISE.

The gallops given to race horses in the morning, when they are in training, is to a certain extent for the purpose of improving their wind, and increasing the strength of their muscular and tendinous powers. Yet this sort of exercise must be regulated, as

to pace and length, just according as it may be found to affect different horses, as it produces very different effects on some to what it does on others. Horses, therefore, in an early state of their condition, should begin their gallops very gradually. Now, as the trainer will have to increase the pace and length of their gallops, previous to the horses beginning their sweats, he will soon be able to judge how each horse is likely to become affected by this sort of exercise, as it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for gallops to produce much more severe effects on some horses than even long slow sweats would produce on others. It must, therefore, be ascertained what sort of exercise is best likely to suit each horse, or class of horses. The pace and length horses may go in their gallops may very well be regulated by their ages and constitutions, and the state of their condition; yet these are not the whole of the criterions by which the groom is to form his judgment: he is attentively to look at and examine his horses when they are stripped and being dressed; and if he should observe any horse drawing suddenly fine (losing flesh), or if he perceive that any horse has become alarmed at this sort of exercise, the daily repetition of his gallops should immediately be discontinued, and a different manner of treating him adopted; walking exercise should be substituted for that of galloping, and should be continued until he has again put up flesh, and become reconciled in his temper. When that he is again put to go up a gallop, he should go by himself, for the length that suits him, or, if his disposition will allow of its being done, he may follow the horses, being last in the string, the groom ordering his boy to pull him up after he has gone perhaps half a mile. But even this short gallop is only to be taken occasionally, as it may suit the horse; and when he has taken it, he may be sent to walk by himself, or if it is thought he will be happy by following the other horses at walking exercise, he may do so; the method we shall take to bring him stout for the length he may have to run, we shall state in due time.

The gallops given morning and evenings (but more particularly in the mornings) to horses in training, are principally for the following purposes:—First, to teach them how to go up a gallop, and to bring them into a knowledge of their own stride. Secondly, by increasing the pace to improve their wind. Thirdly, to steady those that may be hearty. Fourthly, to prevent those that are gluttonously inclined from putting up flesh too quickly from one sweating day to the other. These objects are to be effected by occasionally increasing the length of the galloping ground, (for the length of the different gallops, and the description of ground on which they should be chosen, see vol. 13, page 665), as circumstances may require, or according as the ages and constitutions of different horses may vary.

The groom must bear in mind, that he is, on no account, to allow of his boys being out of his sight while they are riding the horses at any sort of exercise. Boys are tricky; at least, they were so when I was one, and if they are at any time allowed to take horses up their gallops alone, they will suddenly spring and spurt them

along here and there ; this not only makes young ones unsteady but they get into the habit of striding too quick and hurrying themselves. Horses in training are not to be hurried in any part of their exercise or work ; they are at all times to go a fair even pace, and when it does become necessary to increase the pace in the concluding of a gallop or sweat, it should be properly put into practice by the groom ordering it to be gradually increased from any one point or object on the ground to that of another, and which I shall presently take an opportunity of mentioning. Among the boys of a racing establishment, there are invariably some of them that ride much better than others ; and from among those that are light and ride the best, the groom should take care to select those to lead the gallop as have been accustomed to do this sort of thing. Indeed there should always be, at the time the horses are at exercise, an experienced riding boy (in whom the groom has confidence) placed in front of any class of horses, however small. From the repeated orders the groom is in the habit of giving to an intelligent boy who leads the gallop, as to how he is to rate the horse he is on, he will soon be brought to be a tolerable good judge of pace, and from custom, in the riding of different horses in their exercise, he will know pretty well at what rate any horse he has before ridden is going ; and, according to the orders he may receive from the groom, he urges the horse on in the concluding of the gallop to as near the top of the horse's pace as he (the boy) may have been required to do, without drawing the horse quite out, in other words, extending him to the extent of his stride.

Another circumstance to be attended to is, that, among a number of horses in training, there are occasionally some much more difficult to ride than others. Such horses have sagacity enough to discover very quickly the sort of riders they have on them ; they will almost instantly take advantage of those that are bad ones, as they will also of small light boys that may be incapable of holding them, or of forcing them on at such times as it may be necessary for them to go at a breathing pace, as in the concluding of a certain length of their last two or three sweats, or in the last two or three gallops, they will have to take on the two or three last days previous to their coming out to run.

Whenever a groom intends giving any of his horses a good brushing gallop, as perhaps a day or two before sweating, or indeed more particularly at the time I have just mentioned, as when horses are about to finish their work before their races, the groom must bear in mind, that, generally speaking, those that are free goers are much more difficult to be held when going a good pace in company with others, than they would be in going a slow pace when alone ; while others that are idle and lurchingly disposed will be quite as difficult to be made go at the pace required of them. Under the above-mentioned circumstances, the groom must change the light or bad riding boys for bigger ones of much more power and experience, who, when they are put up to ride, are well able, as soon as they have got the horses they are riding well off and settled in their stride, to take a pull and keep them together ;

those that may be on the class of free goers, (for as I have repeatedly observed, all horses that have to go a good pace occasionally in their exercise must be classed according to what they are), as well as those that may be on the idle, lurching sort of horses, will, as soon as they have them settled in their stride, get determinedly at them, and not only keep them straight in their gallops as they are going along with them, but will also draw them well out, and continue them on to the end of the gallop at the pace the groom may have ordered them to go. Nor will the additional weight of the bigger boys be of any consequence, at least at the particular time to which I am now alluding, that is, the time the horses are about to finish their work before they come out to run; for, although at this period they have to go faster in their gallops, the length they go in them is somewhat shortened. In fact, it is always the best plan, when horses have to go a telling pace in any part of their exercise or work, if firm and well on their feet and legs, to put up boys of power to ride them, as they not only make them go straight, and keep them within their stride, but make them do, as to pace, what is necessary they should; and horses go better and more kindly with good riders upon them than when they are ridden by bad or inferior ones, as with those last-mentioned they are apt to take liberties. Unless, as occasion may require, grooms regulate the selection of their boys, as I have directed them to do in respect to the riding of different horses, some of them would get into bad tricks or habits, which it may afterwards be difficult to get them out of. Those among them that may be idle, lurching horses would become cunning; they would, what is termed, "shut up" with bad riders in their gallops and sweats; in other words, they would sulk, and not go in them at the pace they ought. Horses having got into tricks of this sort, it is not only difficult, but often next to impossible, for even a good and determined jockey to rouse them out of such habits at the time they may be running. If a jockey cannot succeed in getting a horse to give his race kindly, the horse will of course be beat. Other horses that pull a little and are rather determined goers, and that may sometimes require to be taken along at a tolerable good pace in their exercise, if on such occasions they are ridden by light boys, most of them will endeavor to get the advantage of such light weights; if the horses succeed in so doing, they will then go farther and faster than it was intended they should; from these circumstances they soon get to know their speed in their exercise—a sort of thing that should be avoided as much as possible; for, when a horse gets to know his speed in his exercise, it is but seldom he can afterwards be got to struggle well in a severely contested race.

We now come to make our remarks on the classing of horses in their exercise, the arranging of which will depend on a variety of circumstances. First, as to the different ages of the horses. Secondly, as to their physical powers, as regards their stoutness. Thirdly, as to their mechanical powers, as regards their speed. And lastly, as to their tempers; but those that are very irritable

cannot well go into any class ; these will have to take singly, that is, alone, what little exercise may be required of them.

I have already observed that yearlings are invariably in their own class. Two-year-olds are to be in theirs ; three-year-olds in theirs : and four-year-olds in theirs. Five-year-olds, six, and aged horses, may be in any class. Yet the reader must bear in mind, that some one or other of the horses we have just classed according to their ages, will occasionally have to be removed from their own class (the yearlings excepted) into that of a senior one, (taking care that the length of the gallop is not too far for the young ones) ; or a horse or two will have to be removed from a senior class into a junior ; but this is merely to ascertain, in some degree, how good the best colt of a class of young ones may be ; there is no great difficulty in observing which is the best colt or horse of any class ; but it is necessary, if possible, to know in due time how much one colt may be better than others in the same class in which he is. This cannot be accurately known but by a private or public trial, or removing the best colt of a junior into a class of older ones, that are pretty well known : or by putting an older one into a junior class to lead the gallop for them. This brings us to the subject of one horse leading others in their exercise.

The horse that leads in their gallops or sweats is, of course, the one that goes first in any string or class of horses ; and when it is not intended that horses are to go a fast pace in their exercise, it is not of much consequence what horse leads them, provided he is a kind goer, that is to say, is not inclined in any way to be tricky. But when horses are in strong work, and have to go long lengths at a breathing pace in their gallops and sweats, that the training groom may not be deceived, and that the horse that leads others may not be abused or over-marked, it is necessary that he should be of superior powers, as to speed and stoutness, to those that have to follow him ; or, if he is not, the thing may be managed by putting up on the horse a much lighter boy, but then you must take care that the boy is a tolerable good judge of the pace his horse is going. But, if a horse is very superior to the class he is leading, he should have a strong, good riding boy on him, that can rate him at such a fair and even pace as will not be likely to over-mark those that may have to follow him ; and more particularly should the horse in question be leading others in their sweats.

It is also to be understood that a horse is not, on every occasion, to be put to lead other horses in their work, just because he is capable of doing so ; if he is too often made use of in this way, he not only becomes stale and slow, but he soon gets below his proper form, and he will, unless he is very placid in his temper, want to be first in every thing, which may not, under all circumstances, be exactly what is required of him ; in other words, he becomes difficult to be held when going in company with other horses, not only in his exercise, but what may be of more consequence, in his races ; and if he is difficult to be held in those, a

jockey may not be able, when riding such a horse, to get him to run agreeably to the orders he (the jockey) may have received from the trainer. It is therefore not only advisable that a horse should not too often lead the gallop for others, but that such horse should be put into a string to follow others; or if a horse cannot be got to do this sort of thing quietly, he should be allowed to go by himself in his gallops.

Further, with regard to selecting a horse to lead others in their work; the training groom of a private establishment has the power of selecting any one he may best approve of; but he must recollect that the horse that leads is in want of the same sort of treatment as those that are to follow him. The public training groom may sometimes have more difficulties to encounter in selecting a horse for this purpose than the private trainer; as the former may be directed by some of his employers to work their horses by themselves while others may leave the working of theirs entirely to his better judgment; and as we shall here consider him to be an honest man, the latter arrangement is to be preferred. (See chapter on the Duties of the Public and Private Training Grooms, and on Jockeys).

We next come to make our remarks on the speed or pace of horses. How much faster some can go than others, in their exercise or running, must depend on a variety of circumstances. First, on their physical powers, as to the strength of their constitutions. Secondly, on their mechanical ones, as to how they may be formed in the length, depth, and breadth of the different parts of their bodies and extremities. Thirdly, on their muscular strength, and on the state of perfection to which their whole muscular system may have been brought by their being well trained. Fourthly, and indeed almost principally, on the weight they may have to carry, and which must ever regulate the length of rally that different horses may be capable of continuing on at their best pace. Fifthly, as to how horses may vary in size; this last-mentioned circumstance very frequently regulates their manner of going as to stride.

We will first make some remarks as to how different horses go in their gallops according to their size and structure, and how each description of horse is generally found to vary in maintaining their best pace either in their exercise or running. A small-sized, close-made race horse is mostly what is termed a "round goer," that is, he is rather short, but quick in his stride; when drawn out to the top of his pace, to use a common expression, he is generally a sticker in a pretty long rally, and a good goer in deep ground. A horse somewhat larger than the one above mentioned, as from fifteen hands one inch to fifteen two, if he has substance, and is well formed over the heart and loins, with a good straight back and a moderate length of body, and not too high upon his legs, and has good action, that is, can get his fore legs well out, and can bring his haunches well under him, is the sort of race horse I very much fancy for general purposes—he can mostly go on with the pace, and in good company too, for any racing length. The large-sized

horse, bred at the present day, is mostly from sixteen to seventeen hands high. Horses of the above size are generally engaged, at two and three years old, to run rather short lengths, for a few of the good things at Newmarket; and, as the season advances, they (principally the three-year-olds) also run for other good things, at Epsom, Ascot Heath, Goodwood, York, and Doncaster. From those horses being so very over-sized, their length of stride is amazing; it is by their stride when running that they tell out almost all other horses that are lower in stature. These very large-sized horses can seldom come but certain lengths, as from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half; which lengths generally suit them best; when these horses are called upon to come for the rally they can live in, in the finishing of their races, their speed is tremendous, if the ground is dry. But as such big horses are not always so well proportioned in their make as the smaller ones, they cannot go so well through dirt, as in their stride they pitch their feet, when running, farther in the ground, if wet, than the close-made horse that is more of a round goer. Another thing is, those large, long-striding horses cannot continue for so long a length at their best pace as the last-mentioned close-made horse, as they cannot so readily collect themselves in their stride, by quickly bringing their haunches well under them. In noticing the action of a race horse, that may be a speedy good galloper, it will be seen, that, generally speaking, when drawn out pretty well to the top of his pace, he can (without bending his knees too much) put his fore feet well out, and bring his haunches well under him, that is, his hind feet will mostly be seen to come nearly opposite, or quite in a parallel line with the outside of his fore ones.

The stride of different horses depends on their size, varying from eighteen to twenty, or even to two or three and twenty feet. But how long a horse will be able to continue on this last mentioned length of stride, will depend on the weight he is carrying, as also on his formation, structure, and muscular powers; and, as we have already noticed, he must have a moderate well-proportioned length of body and breadth of loins, together with lengthy, muscular, strong hind quarters and well-formed back. Those unaccustomed to observe the stride of different horses, when going at the top of their pace, may not immediately see exactly to what extent they bring their haunches under them. Should a person, under such circumstances, have a doubt as to the action of any horse, he had better, if a pretty good horseman, ride the horse himself; and, to be certain of drawing out the horse he rides, he should, if necessary, have another to go head and girth with him in finishing the gallop, for whatever length of rally it may be; and as the horse alluded to is pressed on to the top of his pace, he naturally, although fairly, pulls pretty strong at the rider, which occasions him to sit well down in his saddle, keeping good hold of its flaps with his knees, as well as a tolerably good hold of his stirrups with his feet, which, to give him power in holding the horse with his hands, he places rather more forward than is usual. The horse now being drawn out to nearly the top of his pace, it is

just at this time the rider should, for a few strides, lean a little over to either side, and, by looking down on the ground, see how near the horse he is riding will bring his hind feet up or close to the outside of his fore ones. The rider is not to be astonished, if, in riding a number of horses in this way, he should occasionally find a horse bringing his hind feet a trifle beyond his fore ones. If the horse can do this sort of thing to the extent above-mentioned, he will be found to be a difficult horse to beat, and therefore a dangerous one to bet against, unless he gives away a great deal of weight to those horses that he may be running with. The manner above mentioned of finding out a horse's stride was practised in my juvenile days, and I have often had recourse to the same method myself. I allow it is an old fashioned way, nevertheless it will not be found to be a bad one; and I think it more certain than that of measuring a horse's stride on the ground he has gone over; as, to do this, the ground must be wet, with some degree of foot hold.

Having mentioned all that appears to be necessary on the subject of the action of race horses, the next thing to notice is the pace they have to go in their different sorts of exercise, and how, on various occasions, it is to be arranged. However slow the pace race horses may have to go in their gallops, they, from the manner in which they are taught to go in training, mostly put their fore legs better out, and their hind ones better under them, than horses in common use, and which gives them (as has already been noticed), a more settled and advantageous sort of stride or gallop along, instead of going the up and down cantering pace of hacks and chargers. The slow pace is mostly had recourse to, when the horses have done the stronger part of their work, as in the mornings after they have been watered. On a hot summer's evening, the orders given by the groom to the boy who leads the gallop, should be—"Tom, do not hurry them this evening, or we shall have some of them breaking out in a sweat." If the evening is cold, the groom's orders are to be reversed, by saying to the boy who leads—"Just go fast enough with them to keep them warm."

Having noticed the slowest pace horses have to go in their gallops, we will now rate them at a little faster pace, which is termed half speed; this pace is generally had recourse to by way of moderate exercise, that is to say, it does not come under the denomination of horses doing work. This pace is proper for horses on the morning following the day on which they may have sweated, that is, if the groom is of opinion that any of them have been a little over-marked in their sweats, perhaps from the horse that led the sweat breaking away with the boy, and coming too fast for some of the other horses; or it may be adopted when stronger gallops do not suit them so well as slow frequent sweats.

The next pace to notice is called "three parts speed." This pace horses have to go in finishing a certain length of their gallops, at the time the groom may be doing what is usually called a "bit of work" with them. This also the pace horses go in their brushing gallops, which they take the morning before sweating;

and it is also the pace they have to go in the finishing of a certain portion of the last two or three sweats they have to take just previous to their running. It is also the pace that some of the horses have occasionally to go in their sweating gallops; and it is this sort of pace a little increased that they have to go on the first, second, or third day (according to their constitutions), previous to their coming out to run. But the different paces, and the lengths that different horses will have to go in them, under a variety of circumstances, will be more fully explained hereafter.

MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE GUN.

A word or two respecting Dogs, Retrievers in particular, and the artful dodges of the Red-legged Partridge laid open.

BY RINGWOOD.

WHILST writing upon Shooting, and registering matters connected with the Gun, something respecting our allies the Dogs will be expected, and will be marked down. Although we fully agree with Col. Hawker in the commencement of his chapter upon the Canine races in his "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," which runs thus:—"Dogs have been a universal subject for every sporting writer, that scarcely a word can be said about them but that of which we may find the counterpart in some publication or other. Every one has his own caprice, or fancy, about pointers, setters, and spaniels; and we meet almost every day with some fresh man who has got the best dog in England;"—so far so good; and the general tenor of his remarks respecting discipline, &c., are in perfect unison with our own: but when we come to his "check-collars for breaking pointers," &c., look at the plate, and read the explanation, and pass on to the "iron-puzzle for ditto," with instructions for the use of it, we almost fancy we are perusing some Indian Journal in which the best breaking tackle for gentling alligators or wild elephants is advertised. The one piece of machinery is to bring an impetuous dog up "all standing;" and the other is negatively to urge a slow one on. Now in our humble opinion, dogs that (after more simple methods have failed) can only be coerced or assisted by such artificial means as those above alluded to, had better be given up for yard-dogs or sentinels for hawkers' carts. Dogs of a pure and distinct breed do not take so much breaking.

Here is the rock on which so many have been wrecked; they do not get the raw material pure. Look at the portraits by good masters of our pointers many years back, before those who wished to be thought in advance of the age in which they lived had crossed

with the foxhound, and even with "curs of low degree," for the avowed purpose of giving some new quality to the original pointer, such as each theorist fancied was wanting, forgetting in most cases, that, as some adventitious gift was bestowed, something from the original instinct of the animal was proportionably taken away. And this is the reason why we see so few good pointers in general use in the present day; handsome dogs (not handsome pointers) we see every day, dogs that can go, as their owners say, like the wind, and, by dint of something short of brutality, have been made to drop when a gun goes off; but what we complain of is a want of stanchness. The dog does not seem to delight in standing to game, but shows a restlessness to be up and doing; his eye and stern both indicate a strong desire to see you shoot, and he tells you plainly to be quick, for he won't *stand* it much longer: and for this disposition to dash, you must not blame the dog in question, but his grandfather, who was a foxhound. Surely a thorough-bred pointer (and such animals we are told do yet exist), of good proportions and in good condition, can go long enough and fast enough three days in a week for any man who knows how to beat for game. I say three days in a week, although they are capable of more; but should any one have room enough for six days in a week, he will assuredly keep dogs in proportion—remembering there is no greater evil, nothing so prejudicial to good sport, as having too many either in the kennel or the field. And, does a man really wish to enjoy shooting and fill his bag, let him take out one pointer and one retriever, each knowing and sticking to his own department. No pointer should ever be allowed to retrieve or catch wounded game (although some of them in this respect are beyond all praise), if his master can keep two dogs; and for this reason—the perfection of the pointer when strong on the scent is to stop; that of the retriever, to dash on. Now the pointer that is encouraged to pursue and catch wounded game soon delights in this amusement, and, after having picked up two or three winged birds cleverly, and received caresses for his prowess, is very apt to try his cunning upon single birds running in turnips, whose wings are in full force. It is all very well to tell us that dogs can distinguish between wounded birds and others, and under favorable circumstances some of them can; for instance, if a bird is bleeding freely, and the scent on the ground good: but how many wounded birds do we pick up that show no jot of blood, and, saving their powers of flight are curtailed, are as strong and fresh as ever? The temptation to get close is at all events too strong, and all the retrieving pointers that I have ever met with will frequently put single birds up. And how many good dogs (barring this) have I seen, on committing this blunder, turn round and look at their master, evidently ashamed, and perfectly conscious of their blunder, and saying, as plainly as dogs can speak, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but really I mistook it for a wounded one."

A pointer puppy that at ten months old will not hunt off and point at game through instinct (which Walker defines as the

power which determines the will of brutes) will not do for me. We all know the story of the sow that was taught to stand at game; I could give more than one instance of men who have shot to terriers and veritable mongrels, and made these dogs stand or stop; but then they were men who were out every day early and late, and would, had they desired it, have made the same animals walk about with a hat in their mouths and beg for coppers; but all this is the result of great severity, the very thing we wish as much as possible to avoid. And if we possess a dog that points instinctively, how simple comparatively is what is termed his breaking? Yet how many a man has paid five or six guineas to have a promising young dog spoiled by putting him into the hands of a professional dog-breaker, a fellow half ratcatcher, half poacher, made up of lies and cruelty? The only breaking that a thoroughbred dog wants is to be made to stop or lie down when a signal is given: as to teaching dogs to hunt, quarter their ground, find game, and point at it—"teach your grandmother to suck eggs." Let no young ardent sportsman expect a young dog to know everything in one season. My experience has convinced me that they will continue to improve for three or four years, and with constant practice into the bargain. We all know that dogs possess extraordinary memories, and that from certain premises they can draw just conclusions. Thus it is, that the good steady sportsman, always working by rule, invariably has a good dog; nay it often borders on the ridiculous to observe the great similarity in manners between the man and the brute, where companionship has been established in the house as well as the field; but although many men are not able to teach dogs much that is good, they are capable of instilling into them much that is evil, and one very great and common error is this—if they are out with a young dog, who begins to touch upon game, they begin hallooing, "to-ho! to-ho! steady there! take care!" crack goes the whip, and the dog stops; but there is no game, perhaps—*i. e.* immediately before him; the birds have moved within the last half hour either to another corner of the field, running and stopping occasionally, and consequently leaving the clue of their whereabouts, which the dog, if left to himself, would find out, and come to a point; or, suppose the birds have really taken wing recently, leaving a strong scent, which your dog, although noticing, would have passed over and renewed his hunting; or admitting the thing most dreaded takes place—*i. e.* the dog puts up a covey—then rate him, make him drop, hold the whip over him, occasionally letting him know that it is a whip, talk to him, and keep him in this humiliating posture for some minutes—he will soon find that this is the "great crime;" and you will find it much better than teaching a dog to make false points, which the *to-ho-ing* system is sure to do, and which he will eventually have recourse to when somewhat tired, and where game is scarce, one of the most trying and worse faults that a dog can possess. Again, I beg to observe that the genuine pointer, unless encouraged to retrieve, delights in standing at game, not in putting it up; or how is it that we observe the greatest jealousy in the best dogs not to run up the game, but to get the point and keep it!

What I have said of pointers may also be applied to setters, provided also that they are of original blood, and not crossed with the rough greyhound to give them speed, or with the Newfoundland dog for the sake of the black color. Of spaniels, I shall only observe, that they ought to be of middling size ; and the *multum in parvo* particularly applies to this species ; they are only fit companions for young active sportsmen, who can work six days in the week, and if any one of these gentlemen has a thorough-bred spaniel about three parts worn up to give away, he need not pay the carriage, but send him to our kennel.

The dog used as, and known by the name of, a retriever, is becoming a *sine qua non* to every man who now carries a gun, and in some shooting districts has, as I have before hinted, superseded the setter and pointer. But what is a retriever ? many will exclaim ; and the answer may be given—any dog from a Newfoundland to a pug that the fancy of any man may select to find and fetch wounded game ; and although I can believe that almost any mongrel, if entered young enough and well handled, may be made useful, yet there are certain dogs that appear pre-eminently qualified for this particular purpose ; and to procure a puppy for this use, I advocate a cross, but not between two half-bred dogs, but the first cross between the thorough-bred setter and the water-spaniel. From this description of dog I have seen animals “all my fancy painted,” of good size, very handsome, tender-mouthed, good-tempered, fine-nosed, and amphibious. Being in possession of a dog with these attributes, the only difficulty in his education is in regulating his conduct towards hares and rabbits. He must *chase* or *not* to orders. When in covert and sitting at his master's foot, and again waits (motionless) till further orders. This is the most difficult task to get up perfectly, and I can scarcely believe it possible for any man to *teach* a dog to do this, so as at all times and under all circumstances to be thoroughly depended upon, unless the dog is of that fine temper and powerful sagacity that allows him fully to comprehend this great move of the game as well as the man himself.

Again : the first lessons given to a puppy in retrieving winged game are mostly very imperfectly managed. A partridge, for instance, is knocked down in turnips, evidently a runner ; the breaker, gentle or simple (as the saying is), loads his gun and hurries up to the spot where the bird fell : the dog is then encouraged to go to work with, “heigh, lost !” The puppy immediately begins to search for something, but whether it is a ball or a bird he does not yet know, and very likely sets to work in a contrary direction to whereabouts his master *thinks* the bird is gone. The man immediately runs to the line of scent, calling in angry terms to the pupil, who, half afraid, takes off his nose, and *looks* for what he is in search of ; and it will sometimes happen (but unfortunately, I think) that the man sees the bird and chases with the dog, who, now eyeing it, catches it, and is caressed ; and so far so good, for the game is bagged. But what follows next ? why, the young one soon knows, from the gun going off and the orders given, that a

bird is down, and off he sets to *look* for it; and so long as he continues to use his eyes without first calling on his nose as the one thing needful, he will never become a retriever. But, on the other hand, if a man has patience and temper to lose a bird or two at starting, and, after having put the dog upon the scent, to stand perfectly still and silent (I should advise him, if nervous, to light a cigar and sit down), it will not be long before the young one will by his nose get up to wounded game, and consequently begins to get confidence, and having unassisted retrieved consecutively three runners in one day, the dog is made for life. I repeat, never go near a retriever when once on the scent, nor speak to him. As to encouraging him when you see him "hot upon it," with such words as "good dog! good dog!" you only distract his attention, forgetting that the dog is now in the height of enjoyment. Your turn will be all in good time, when he brings the game to you. Again: by leaving the dog to himself, he is not likely to become too cautious—a great fault. There is a certain style in doing everything, and a retriever that knows his business will begin slowly and with caution; but the moment he is certain of the scent, down should go his stern, and he should race like a foxhound. The consequence is, that when he comes close upon winged game, the bird attempts to fly and flaps his wings, and the business is over; but with a slow puddling dog, an old cock pheasant or red-legged partridge just pinioned would go through two parishes whilst "old slow-and-sure," as his master calls him, was getting out of the first field.

To those Sportsmen who are not much acquainted with the habits of the red-legged partridge the following incident relative to their running propensities, and of the confidence they have in their pedestrian powers (one out of a hundred that I could relate), may serve as an illustration. Returning from a ride one afternoon in the early part of October, I observed two Sportsmen with a leash of dogs (pointers, or half-bred setters I think they called them) busily employed in looking for a wounded bird, a red-leg, which one of them had just knocked down in high turnips: they persevered for about twenty minutes without the slightest chance that I could perceive of recovery, and gave it up. The next morning I took out my old lady retriever (now lying at my feet whilst I am writing this account of her, and whose extraordinary performances would fill a volume), and on arriving at the turnip-field in question, requested she would endeavor to find up the wounded bird that had been left the day previous. Now there were about eight acres of high white turnips (above one's knees), and the remainder of the field (about as much more) was fallow, ploughed perhaps about a fortnight. In a few minutes it was evident that she was upon game, and equally so that it was wounded. I sat myself quietly upon the top of the gate that commanded a view of the whole field, and observed the strictest neutrality. The day was rather windy, and the turnip-tops not having been yet broken by frosts, but turning and twisting about, afforded great obstacles to the progress of the pursuer, and great advantages to the pursued: sometimes it was evident that the bitch was close upon her game; and then again

it was equally clear that the bird had stolen a march. Thus matters progressed for some time, when to my utter astonishment I viewed the Frenchman (for it was the identical bird I was in search of) *break covert*, and take down one of the furrows of the fallow at a pace that only those who have witnessed can believe. Now it would have been all fair had I gone to the spot, halloo'd my dog, and put her on to the scent, but in no wise did I interfere, but kept my seat. In due time, the retriever had worked through the mazy labyrinth of the turnips, and came upon the fallow, and, making a cast, hit it off in the furrow, and went away as if in view up the field, *over* the next fence, and into a hard road, where I lost sight of her; so I took out my watch, determined to stick to my gate and wait the result. In three minutes, old "Flush" returned into the field, and down to my whistle almost at the pace she left, and with the bird alive and unruffled. But this is not all: for a farmer whom I knew happened to be coming on horseback the way the chase was, and saw the finish, and came up to me, and said, "Do you know, Sir, where the bitch has been to?" On my answering, "I could only see to a certain point," he said, she crossed the road nearly in a straight line over a barley stubble, and into the next field, where she caught the bird still running.

Yarrell tells us, the red-legged partridge will go to ground, which I do not doubt, though I have never yet proved it; but this I know, as long as they have the use of their legs (till pursuit is over), they will not stop or hide in ditches or long grass, as will both the common partridge and pheasant. In some parts of England (in Suffolk in particular) they have increased so fast that they are become a nuisance, and every means almost is resorted to to thin them; such as, not keeping an exact account of the last day allowed by Act of Parliament for destroying their nests, and taking all advantages; one of which is to pursue them on the first morning of a deep fall of snow, when they will burrow beneath it, and lie till they are driven out. Fearful slaughter has now and then been accomplished by this plan. The reasons for their increasing in spite of the malice of their enemies may be traced to the following causes. In the first place, their nests are placed in more secure situations than those of the common partridge; for instance, under strong old thorn-bushes, in very dry and well covered old hedges, where neither the mower nor the sharp-eyed weeder of corn interferes: in the next place, when set free from the shell, they are very hardy strong chicks, and in the field, when pursued, are even in the early part of the season difficult of approach, and take their rest at night commonly by furze or thorn-bushes, where the poacher's drag-net cannot touch them. The reasons why they are disliked by the sportsman are, that from their superior size and strength they are enabled to beat and drive away the common partridges, spoil young pointers by their continual running, and, when brought to table, are very inferior. The common weight of an old cock in the early part of the season when corn is plentiful is about eighteen ounces; but two within our own knowledge has been killed in the neighborhood of Beccles, in Suffolk, that

weighed upwards of twenty-two ounces. These birds and snipes (when slightly wounded) are the most difficult of all game to retrieve, and the dog that does both well will at any time command a high price

Again: never suffer more than one dog to pursue wounded game at a time; and in the early part of the season, should you knock a bird down out of a covey (and this applies to English partidges as well), and lose him, always try to recover it in the direct line the rest of the covey have flown. Birds in September are commonly found for several days following in the same spots, and fly in one direction; and having, whilst feeding, walked over the same ground, the wounded bird runs after the family, and I have frequently found them in about an hour settled again with the covey—the proofs of their identity being, fresh blood on the wounded wing, and no one else shooting over that particular ground at the same time.

RINGWOOD.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May, 1844.

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

They wait for the signal to fly o'er the ground,
With speed never equall'd by stag or by hound;
Only look at their beauty; what pow'r, tho' slim,
Is disclosed in the thoroughbred haunches and limb!
They *will* not be quiet; the sun streameth down
Upon bay, upon chesnut, on grey, and on brown,
And its beams o'er their shining coats rapidly fly,
Like the flash which the summer wave flings to the sky.
They are off! they are off, with a bound and a spring,
Outstripping the speed of the hawk on its wing;
They pass like a meteor, shoot by like a star;
Upon you one moment, the next they're afar.
On, on they are rushing, while some drop behind,
Still the foremost keep on as if chasing the wind.
Look at those in the van; mark their wonderful stride,
As they're glancing along in their beauty and pride;
The favorites they, and the fame of his speed
Is supported right well by each swift-pacing steed.

There is one in that group that keeps stealing along,
Who needs not the spur nor the sharp-cutting thong;
How he skims o'er the turf! how he stretches away!
As if the wild pace to his sinews were play.
They bound on before him—no matter to *him*,
He keeps on unwearied in spirit and limb;
Behold him! he passes the group on his right,
With the speed and the grace of the eagle in flight.
His rider is murmuring low, as they fly—
"We'll tell them a story, my steed, by-and-bye;
Only keep to this pace, my bold, gallant bay,
And we'll show them the trick for the Derby to-day."

Fly on in the van, there ! away like the wind !
 Ye need all ye know, for there's one hard behind
 Whose mettle and speed have been strangers to fame ;
 But, scorn'd tho' he may be, unknown but by name,
 He has *that* in his action which seems to defy
 The fleetest of those who rush gallantly by.
 How gaily, how gracefully speeds he along,
 As many fall back on the now beaten throng !
 Only five are before him, they number no more ;
 There's a swerve and a bolt, and their number is four.
 He gains on the latter, shoots by like a bird,
 And is fast stretching on at the heels of the third ;
 He is up with him now, and his rider's glad view
 Beholds in advance but the favorite two.

"O, softly, my beauty !" he whispers with pride,
 "Though they once scorned thy name and thy paces decried,
 Keep a rush for the finish, and then they shall tell,
 If thou *loosest* the race, 'twas lost nobly and well."

On thunder the three ! eager glances are thrown
 On the favorite two ; some shout for the brown,
 While others are ready their fortunes to lay
 That the laurel of triumph will fall to the grey.
 Head and head they are striving ; some seconds have flown,
 And the grey steed hath yielded his place to the brown,
 Who hath shaken all off, and is winning, they say,
 For his rider looks back with a sneer on the bay.
 He is nearing the goal, but, behold ! can it be ?
 The bay gains upon him ! by heaven ! see, see !
 That change of the stroke ; and his speed gives a check,
 The bay is beside him—they race neck and neck !

There's a hush in the crowd ; eager glances are bent,
 Watching keenly, intensely the coming event ;
 Each nerve, as they gaze, feels a quickening thrill,
 While the blood and the heart and the breathing stand still.
 Yet they hope, for a moment, their favorite brown,
 Whose thorough-game bottom and speed are well known,
 Will, in spite of the doubts which their panting breasts fill,
 Secure them the long-wish'd-for victory still.

They're yet locked together—they're almost at home,
 And the brown from his nostrils is tossing the foam ;
 Every nerve, every muscle he gallantly strains,
 It cannot be fancy—see ! mark how he gains !
 No, 'tis but a moment ; the bay cannot tire ;
 Only look at his eye full of spirit and fire.
 How splendid his action ! how mighty his stride !
 You can read how defeat his brave heart hath defied,
 And he springs from the brown like the flash from the gun,
 Flies *alone* past the goal—and the Derby is won !

New Sporting Magazine, for May.

THE MARTINGALE.

BY HARRY HIE'OVER.

“ Humanum sum, nihil a me alienum puto.”

I HAVE used the above quotation, being quite aware that my subject will appear at first to be one of very minor importance. So it would had I chosen a perch-bolt as a subject to write about. Now a perch bolt most persons know is a common-place round piece of iron of some nine or ten inches long, and of about one diameter; yet upon this simple piece of iron depends in a great degree (or rather depended when perches were more in use) the limbs and lives of perhaps some sixteen or eighteen passengers. I mention this to shew on what trifles we often rely for our safety or comfort, or perhaps both; and if I can shew that we owe both these to a martingale, it will appear, that, small and slight as it is in bulk and strength, and trifling as it is in value, it is not altogether a subject of such utter insignificance as we at first suppose it to be. Should I fail to do this, I shall not only candidly allow, but strenuously maintain, that the fault rests with the stupidity of the writer, and not from the want of utility in his subject. As I never venture to write on any subject from theoretical principles, but draw my premises from practical experience, I am quite willing to admit that where I am wrong I have very little excuse to bring forward, and must take it for granted that with me the bump of intellectuality is very faintly developed, if developed at all. I am in about the same situation as a man who has passed the last twenty years of his life cutting pegs for shoemakers. If, during that time, he has not learned the best mode of making a point to a wooden peg, what a glorious fellow he must be! I will tell you, Reader, what he must be—he must be as stupid a fellow as myself. As, however, I am sure that *all* I write is not wrong, I beg to remark that I throw out my ideas just as the husbandman does his chaff from the barn-door, leaving my Readers to pick out the few grains of corn it contains, rejecting the rest or the whole together just as it suits their judgment or fancy.

Little as this subject may call for any very erudite polemical discussion, its use or disuse has nevertheless given rise to many differences of opinion among riding men; and though all perhaps quite competent judges of horses and horsemanship, still prejudice or habit has induced them to form very opposite opinions of its merits—some at once anathematising the martingale as an adjunct only used by those resolved on self-destruction, as in fact a kind of suicidal instrument, the sure prelude to an inquest of *felo de se*; whilst others as strongly advocate its utility. Among those who ride, but are not horsemen—which comprise at least ninety-nine

out of a hundred of those who do ride—I scarcely ever found one who at the bare mention of a martingale did not at once exclaim against it; and though they might not exhibit quite as much horror in their countenance as Priam did of old when he found the ghost wishing to cultivate his acquaintance in his bed-room, still throwing a very sufficient degree of terror into their looks at the idea of using one, and a very fair proportion of surprise and contempt at my ignorance in offering a word in its favor, though you might see them very composedly riding the next day on some stumbling brute absolutely fastened down by a *nose* martingale. And why? because they were not aware it was a martingale, and a martingale of really a dangerous description. If you asked them why they had it put on, probably half of them could give no better reason than that they thought it looked becoming. Probably the same man could give you about as good a reason for wearing mustachios. If he had but an ostrich feather stuck in his horse's tail, or his own, they would be complete.

I have mentioned one description of martingale as being a very useful adjunct; of another, as in nine cases out of ten as useless; and in all, as it is generally put on, as more or less a dangerous appendage to a horse's head. I will presently state my reasons for these opinions; but, first, we will enumerate the different kinds of martingales in use. The term martingale I consider as applicable to anything we attach to a horse's head in order to keep him from raising it higher than we wish; and I consider there are five different modes of doing this, all of which may be termed martingales.

First, the running rein (as we generally call it), which is fastened to the girths, passes through the ring of the snaffle, and thence to the hand. By this, if a man knows what he is about, and has hands, he can bring his horse's head as low as he pleases, and keep it there. This is of great use to a regular star-gazer; but should never be put on to any other.

Secondly, we have the running rein fastened near the points of the saddle, and, as the other, passing through the snaffle-rings to the hands. This is commonly used to young horses, and is of the greatest use in keeping their heads steady, in proper place, and preventing them from avoiding the restraint of the bit by throwing them up. Now with both these assistants a man may add to or relax their restraint by his hands, or, in more riding phrase, may give and take with his horse: in fact no description of bridle or martingale is fit for *general* use that in any way prevents his doing this to its fullest extent.

We will call No. 3 the racing-martingale, coming from the girths to the hand-reins. This is the martingale whose utility I contend for *con amore*.

No. 4 is the severest of all descriptions of martingales, and only to be used on a very determined rearing or plunging horse, and as a severe punishment in case he does either. It consists of a ring of iron made in the shape of a heart, with rings on each side to fasten the head-stall to, and two more near the bottom to

receive two billets, which end in a strap that goes to the girths, supported by the neck-strap, similar to the one in common use to the racing or hunting martingale. This strap, like the common one, may of course be lengthened or shortened to any degree, by which latter process the severity of the restraint is increased. The way it should be put on is this. Put the wide part of the bit in the mouth, and the narrow part under the jaw; the headstall must be left just long enough to allow the bit to rest on the bars of the mouth, behind the tusks, and beneath the riding bit (of whatever kind that may be); then bring your horse's head as low as you wish it to be. If he is only moderately restive, about the ordinary place in which a head should be in a gallop will do: if he is more violent, or is apt to rear, but not dangerously, bring his nose to about a level with the point where the neck is set into the chest: if he is a determined rogue, an old offender, and one disposed to hog up his back, plunge violently, and then vary the entertainment by rearing, so as to leave it an equal bet whether he falls backwards or not, bring my gentleman's nose nearly on a level with the point where the forearm is set into the shoulder. In either of these cases, fasten his head to the level you bring it to by the strap going to the girths, and mind the strap be of sufficient strength to prevent his breaking it. Should he set plunging, which he is likely enough to do on finding himself restrained, it then becomes, in magic lantern terms, "pull devil, pull baker;" it is, in short, which tires first—the martingale holding him, or he hurting his mouth in trying to break the martingale. "Ten to one on martingale:" martingale has it all the way, and wins in a canter. I have seen several set-to's in this way, but never saw a different result, or anything even like a dead heat.

I should always recommend as a proper precaution, the first time this martingale (or rearing-bit as it is called) is put on, that it be tried in a meadow, or some place where a horse cannot bark his knees or hocks should he throw himself down, which, though rarely the case, he might do, if a very determined one, when restrained to a very great degree for the first time. I never saw one do so, however vicious, but it might happen; nor did I ever see one that was not cowed after a few plunges. He gets such a lesson in a few minutes, that he generally leaves the *da capo* to less experienced pupils. The great merit of this bit with a plunger or rearer is, that it makes him practically feel that whenever he attempts to do wrong he hurts himself; and he also finds himself so completely baffled in every attempt at violence, that he gives it up, or, in recent slang, *cuts it*. The way it acts is simply this: before a horse plunges or rears, he is sure to begin by flinging his head about, and this he generally does suddenly: the moment he does so, or flings it up, the bit acts on the bars of his mouth, and being firmly held by the strap to the girths, no elasticity or yielding can take place; consequently he gets a positive sharp blow on the bars every time he calls the bit into action. By his own violence he soon finds this out; finds also he cannot break it, and submits: in short, is completely subdued. I do not mea n

to say it would be impossible for a horse to rear with this bit on, inasmuch as we see a goat do so, with his nose between his fore-legs; but the goat has been practising this all his life; the horse has not, nor did I ever see one attempt the feat. The same thing holds good with plunging: he cannot well plunge and keep his head quiet; and if he does not keep it so with this bit on, I wish him joy.

I had a horse which had sense enough to be quite aware that though a canter with light summer clothes on and six stone on his back was rather a pleasant recreation, a four-mile sweat with heavy sweaters and eight stone over them, was *toute une autre chose*: in short, he knew as well when he was to sweat as I did. His usual exercise-lad could not get him along at any pace at all, and when a stronger and consequently heavier lad was put up, though he by dint of a good ash-plant and rating him might hustle him along for a couple of miles, more or less, before he had got him more than half his proper sweating-distance he would begin shaking his head, throwing it as high as the martingale would let him, then throw it nearly to the ground, and away he would bolt *anywhere*, in spite of fate, or at least of any lad. I got one of these bits for him, put it on moderately tight, and sent him up the gallop: he began his old tricks, but found himself hampered; had a short fight, was beat, and never attempted the least resistance afterwards. I must, however, remark, that this bit, or martingale, whichever we may term it, is by far too severe to be trusted in the hands of any common groom, who it generally happens has no riding hands at all; but, with the management of a man who has, it is in extreme cases a very useful and efficacious assistant.

No. 5, and last, comes the nose-martingale. This is a very mild counterpart of the last; and its being in any degree a counterpart is the very reason why I reprobate its use for general purposes, for which, as I before said, no bit or martingale can be proper where we are, as with both these, unable to relieve our horse of its restraint by our hands. This martingale, like the rearing one, fastens to the girths; no elasticity or yielding exists here; but the reason why this does not possess the severity of the former is, the one acts on the horse's *mouth*, this only on his nose; but even this is often made a mode of punishment, or, to say the least, of great annoyance to the horse if he is ridden by a man with bad hands. A rider of this sort never keeps them down; consequently he is constantly pulling his horse's head up: the poor brute naturally gets into the habit of poking out his nose and carrying his head too high, and, in order to get some relief for his mouth, keeps continually tossing his head up, by no means a pleasant trick to the rider, whatever it may be to the horse, particularly if he happens to be one who foams at the mouth, and is ridden against the wind. That all this has been taught him by bad hands never enters his rider's head; consequently on goes a nose-martingale; this remedies the evil it is true, but the result is, the poor horse is punished for the rider's awkwardness: for, mind, he makes no difference in the disposition, and consequent

effects of his hands ; so it just amounts to this, the martingale pulls the horse's head down, and the gentleman pulls it up ; and thus his mouth is kept in a kind of vice of the rider's own invention—(I wish he would take out a patent for it to prevent any one else from imitating it). If it is not put on short enough to produce the wished-for effect, it is useless : if it is, it is converted into a mode of punishing a well-disposed animal, which would willingly learn to carry his head as the rider would wish him, if he had knowledge enough to teach him how to do so. I am only surprised a horse does not at once turn sulky and restive under such unreasonable treatment ; for were he endowed with the faculty of the renowned ass of Balaam of olden memory, would he not naturally say, "If I attempt to carry my head high in compliance with your hands, a strap on my nose pulls it down ; if, in obedience to that, I attempt to carry it low, your hands pull it up : how the hell *am* I to carry it ?"—I really know not.

But there is one occasion in which I could tolerate the use of the nose-martingale, and that is in harness, where horses have learned this truly annoying habit of constantly tossing up their heads : and here again I am satisfied it in fact arises from improper treatment, namely, having horses kept on a tight gagging or bearing rein till their necks ache to that degree that they are fain to throw their heads up to gain a temporary relief from an unnatural and consequently painful position. This habit having been attained, no matter from what cause, we must endeavour to cure him of it, which it will require a little justifiable severity to effect. The rearing-bit will do this in a very few days ; first of course taking off or easing the bearing-rein, then put on the rearing-bit, but loose, so as in no way to restrain or inconvenience him so long as he carries his head at any reasonable or allowable height. But the moment he tosses it up, he gets a rap on his jaw ; and this repeated as often as he repeats the offence, a few hints of this sort will suffice. This is better than constantly using a nose-martingale, even in harness.

I may be asked why I so decidedly object to the nose-martingale for general use in riding, while, as will be shortly seen, I as strongly advocate the use of the racing-martingale when it is in the slightest degree required ? My objection to the nose-martingale then is this : if a horse makes a blunder, whether a trifling one, or one likely to end in a pair of broken knees, up goes his head : now though this is by no means necessary to enable him to recover himself, but on the contrary prevents the rider helping him to do so, still from the very sudden violence with which he generally chucks his head up, the nose-band gives him virtually a sharp blow on his nose. Now it would be rather a curious experiment, if we saw a horse falling, to give him a blow with a stick on the front of his nose to induce him to exert himself to raise his forequarters. I should say it would rather help him to fall plump on his knees ; yet the *nose-martingale* in a limited sense positively does this ; and should he recover himself (in spite of this), the next time he commits a similar *faux pas*, he remembers

the blow he got the last time, and is afraid to exert himself, dreading a similar return for his exertion ; for the rider cannot of course in any way cause the *fixed* martingale to relax one inch of its tension, which with all other martingales except the rearing-bit he can do. For ladies (who more frequently use the nose-martingale than men) I hold it in utter dread and abhorrence, unless put on so very long as merely to act if the horse tosses his head so high as to greatly annoy them. Even in this case I should say, *cure* him of the habit, then he will not want any martingale at all. But if he is so incorrigible as to render the *nose-martingale* necessary, he will never be fit to carry a woman : get rid of him at once, unless you want a chance of getting rid of the lady. This common courtesy obliges us to consider as an impossibility even among married men.

Having now vented my spleen on all and every fixed martingale, except on very particular occasions—and which I trust will occur to my Readers about as often as angels visits, or those of real friends—I will venture my opinion on the use of the simple racing or hunting martingale, to which I never found but one objection during twenty-five years of hunting experience. Without a little attention, it will sometimes, when you are opening a gate, catch the upright bar ; and in very thick strong coverts it sometimes is caught by a straggling bough. This little occasional inconvenience is, however, counterbalanced a hundredfold by its general utility. I do not of course mean that it is useful on a horse who does all you wish, and nothing that you do not wish, without one. If his head and neck are so formed by nature that he carries them both in a proper place, we cannot improve on nature : but unless this is decidedly the case, practical experience has taught me that a martingale can alone insure our comfort and safety, and enable us to render our horse obedient to the rein, which we never can make him if his head is in an improper degree of elevation. We will suppose, that from carelessness, the pole pin of a carriage has not been properly put in, or put in at all ; we probably find no inconvenience arise from it so long as we go on a level road or up hill : but suppose, on beginning to descend the hill, we find the end of the pole on a level with our horses' ears, I can make a quotation tolerably apt to our situation—*facile descensus averni*. I think we should wish there had been such a thing invented as a pole-martingale. A horse getting his head up is not perhaps likely to lead to so serious a catastrophe ; but whenever he does get it proportionably above the proper level, we have no more command of him than of the carriage. I believe every riding man (I mean horseman) will allow that all our command over a horse while riding him both begins and ends in our command over his mouth. This I shall consider as a point given. I have thus endeavoured to prove getting his head up loses us this command : if this point is also ceded to me, I think we may fairly come to the conclusion, that whatever prevents his doing that by which we do lose our command of him is a resource never to be

dispensed with where we run the slightest chance of wanting it, and this resource is of course the martingale.

I do not know whether race-horses were better tempered a hundred years ago than they are now, whether they had better mouths, or jockeys had better hands (I should think none of these suppositions likely to have been the fact); but certainly long since that period martingales were but rarely used in races: now we as rarely see a race ridden without one. This may probably arise from more two-year-olds being brought to the Post than there were in the time of our forefathers. These young ones, we know, take at times all sorts of freaks and gambols; and let me ask what could any man do with these without being able to command their mouths? Of course, nothing. They would be all over the course, or perhaps out of it, just as their fancies led them; nor could all the Chifneys, Scotts, or Days in England get them together at the Post. The martingale has been found to steady the heads of such horses, and to enable the jockey to keep them in command while running. This has probably led to its general use on almost all race-horses: if therefore a perfect command of a horse's mouth has been found necessary on a level race-course, it must be also necessary when we ride over all descriptions of ground and all descriptions of fences.

I have heard many persons express a fear that in hunting a martingale would confine a horse, and perhaps prevent his rising at his leaps. I have heard others at once assert that it did so, allowing at the same time that they had never tried one. I cannot but think the latter gentlemen rather too fast. Now, as I have before not only tried them, but constantly used them on every horse I ever rode that in the slightest degree wanted one; and I have universally found it to be the case, that whenever he does want a martingale, he will be made to rise better at his fences with one than without one. In illustration of this, I must again allude to the demi-perpendicular pole. We will suppose that we wanted the fore-wheels of the carriage to rise so as to get over any obstacle on the road, would the pole rising up in the manner I have described in the remotest way contribute to raise the wheels? Not at all: the pole only would rise, the wheels would remain dead on the ground. We will say by way of hypothesis that the carriage is a living object: the four wheels correspond to the legs of a horse, the body to his body, and the pole to his head and neck: the driving seat is the fulcrum from which we act. If we wish to induce the carriage to elevate its forepart, should we take out the pole-pin, when by so doing we could affect nothing but the pole itself? I humbly conceive we should rather take care that the pole was retained in its proper place; then, by acting on its extremity, the carriage, finding it could not lift up its pole *alone*, would lift up its foreparts altogether. Now I consider we act in a very similar manner on a horse, and that a loose-necked one, with or without a martingale, bears a close affinity to a carriage with or without a pole-pin. In fact, if I may use the expression

without having a pun added to my other sins, our great object is to keep both their *poles* in their proper places.

I have attempted giving something like an ocular demonstration of what I mean, by scratching with my pen in a rough way the parts of three horses, which, from the downward inclination of their bodies, may be supposed to be either coming over a drop-leap, descending a steep declivity, or tumbling on their knees, whichever the Reader pleases to imagine, for in either case all the support we can give is by the bridle, or, in more sporting phrase, keeping fast hold of their heads. "Keep fast hold of his head, Jem," is no uncommon direction to an exercise-lad. This is all very well and very proper where it can be done; but I should like to see the lad or man who could do so with a devil carrying his head like No 1. The rein on the martingale shews whereabouts it should be, and would be if the martingale was used, but where it is, we have no earthly hold of the brute. No. 2 has his head in a position that may enable a man just to guide him; but any support is out of the question: attempt to give it, and his head would go to position No. 1. Now No. 3 has his head just in the place that would enable the rider to give him support, and by throwing his body back, and slightly clapping the spurs to his horse's sides, he would induce him in a drop-leap to throw out his forelegs, or, if in the act of blundering, would prevent his actually coming on his knees.

I have thus far endeavored to shew that permitting a horse to throw up his head when and as high as he pleases can in no way be advantageous, and that preventing his doing so can, by no mode of reasoning, be attended by disadvantage. I have not yet done with arguments to prove this. I conceive most men will agree with me that a horse which does not require *any* martingale is preferable to the one that does. Why does the one require none? Simply because he never puts his head in a position to require one. He does all we can ask a horse to do, carrying his head properly. If he does this, it must be quite clear that an undue elevation of the head is quite unnecessary in any exertion, and that preventing a loose-necked horse doing that which no perfect horse ever attempts, can in no way curtail his powers or action on the road or in the field. In short, he can do everything at his ease, except look out for the Aurora Borealis; and I conceive his astronomical researches can be dispensed with without prejudice to his value.

I have been led to a much greater length than I intended by this subject. I shall therefore only make another remark or two upon it. Let it be remembered, that if we do confine a horse too much by a martingale, it can only arise, first from its being put on too short, and next from the rider's want of judgment and *hands*. The man who possesses these always can and will give his horse all the liberty required for his safety and comfort as well as his rider, while hunting or on the road. I can only add, that I would never put a bad rider on a horse of my own without a martingale: for then, give him an easy snaffle, and he may keep his

hands where he pleases, up to his ears, or in his pockets. My horse's mouth will not be affected by them. God forbid they should.

Finding now that my pen has got her head up, and has for some time been going away with me much farther than I intended she should have done, the Reader will I dare say be glad to learn that I here punish her by clapping on martingale No. 4. This has stopped her career, and affords me the opportunity of very respectfully taking my leave.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for May, 1844.

AN IRISH RACE COURSE.

BY A NEW ORLEANS IRISHMAN.

OH! the fun and frolic of an Irish race course! There you may see the very extremes of society meet, if not in absolute equality, at least the social character of the nation is so very apparent, and its elements are brought into such close contact, that, strip them of the appendages of rank and fortune, and hardly will you be able to distinguish which is the high born descendant of a thousand years of illustrious ancestry, and which the hereditary beggar. It is a high and beautiful quality that of natural humor and mirth; and my country, thou hast never lost it, amid the trying scenes of thy bondage, the pressure of thy unmerited poverty, and the constant admixture of foreign blood, that wretched current of haughty domination, with which the policy of thy Saxon oppressors have sought to dilute it! Thy perennial fountain of ever pleasant anticipation, of ever gushing animal pleasure, is too abundant to be dulled by the phlegm of the stranger, or the preachings of the hireling apostle of a sadder creed; and the green of thy native hills is but a type of thy verdant mind, that received from the Creator in its pristine gifts, the eternal traits of thankfulness and joy! Mark that elegant turn-out, with its four sparkling bays, without the shadow of a shade of opposition in their color; with a similarity of height that defies the detection of a line of difference; look at their thorough-bred points, and confess that they would honor even a royal equipage: within and without are displayed the most recherche appliances of all that art can invent or luxury supply. It is the carriage of Ireland's only Duke, the head of the sept of the Geraldines, Hibernior pusquam iisdem Hibernii, who, in all that ennobles and benefits his father-land, is foremost to take a part. He is here, according to his constant annual custom, to adorn by his presence, and enliven by his example, the matchless Curragh, in comparison with which Epsom and Ascot, Newmarket and Goodwood, are but sandy walks. The beaux of Dublin, the bucks of the surrounding country, from the titled patrician to the

boisterous squireen, are all here to sport their bit of blood, and make known their judgment in horse flesh to all around. With book in hand and voice of riotously loud mirth, they thread their devious way through a motley crowd of pedestrians, that would defy even the pencil of a Hogarth to portray with fidelity their individual avocations. Paddy shows his characteristics in every walk of life here. The peasant with his frieze coat and brogans of ample size; the middleman with his "bated breath" and servile aping of his superiors; the mendicant, with his rags of every possible color, fluttering in the wind; men, women and children, of all ages, from country and town; itinerant instrumental musicians, ballad singers, vagabonds of both sexes abound, and all are hedged in by a body of *Polishmen*, on horseback and foot, to whom the peace and safety of the whole mass are confided. What say the Groves of Blarney of this incomparable scene?

The Duke of Leinster
 Wid the lovely spinster,
 Ye all may see, in clastical array.
 Oh! Crom a boo, man,
 Y'ell na'er get through, man,
 Though ye thry all night, until the brake of day.
 Och, Tim, my darling,
 Now don't be snarling,
 But stand foremost one while we kape the line.
 There's Dinny Clancy
 Wid purty Nancy,
 Like Mars and Vanus, who to love incline.

It was in the year 18—, when the 87th Foot, commonly known in the British service by the true Erse name of "Faugh a ballaugh," or "clear the way," was stationed in Ireland, that a detachment, consisting of a subaltern's party, was on its road to Head Quarters, from a *still* hunting in the mountains, or hostile excursion after native contrabandists, or distillers of that delicious fluid, Potheen whiskey, and in its route passed the Curragh at the time of the races. By the way, I may as well in this place relate an anecdote respecting this captivating beverage, which contains, perhaps, the only authentic story of a Monarch's breaking the revenue laws of his country that the history of modern times presents. During the short visit which Geo. the Fourth, the British Tiberius, that "cold blooded voluptuary," as he was publicly designated by one of the brightest luminaries of the English judicial bench, paid shortly after his accession, to his Irish dominions, he very eagerly inquired, when in Dublin, if he could be furnished with a taste of this proscribed article. The courtiers, of course assumed a proper degree of surprise at the expression of the royal wish, and testified, no doubt, an abundance of well expressed ignorance of its existence, &c. &c. However, he was not to be foiled in any of his extravagances, and some pliant worshipper of the throne was soon found, to administer to the sovereign's palate. It is related that when he had drained the first glass that was presented to him, he declared that he could now understand why the Irish peasantry were willing to risk life and liberty in its illegal

production—it was the real elixir vitæ—the only stuff fit to fuddle a prince with—royal in its flavor, royal in its odor, and super-royal in its effects! That Poteen.”

To our story. The officer in charge of the command, took the favorable opportunity thus afforded him, of visiting the course, quartering the men in the vicinity, and giving them the wise discretion of following his laudable example, or going whither their taste directed them. It may therefore be presumed, there was a good sprinkling of red coats amongst the crowd; lads who were neither too fastidious, nor too moral, to aid in giving their quota of embellishment to the scene. I shall pass rapidly over the amusements of the day, merely observing that the racers were the pride of the island, the betting was spirited, and the day most propitious. Unlike his phlegmatic neighbor in the sister country, who bases his hazards on his solitary calculations, and rarely swerves from the tenor of his book, which is his talisman for the day, the Irish gentleman carries his fitful, wayward, but ever generous nature with him, wherever he goes, and too frequently from contact and conference with similar unsteady materials, which in such places surround him, sudden impulse defeats the current of his previous meditations, and his interests materially suffer in the result. With him it may be truly said, that his heart usually runs away with his head. “Barney Brallaghan against the field—long odds, and where’s the harrem?” exclaims an equestrian, in those rich Milesian tones, which so enchant my little friend, Sidney Florence Owen-son, now my Lady Morgan, who calls them “the liquid accents and flowing articulation of my own loved Erin!” “Six to four on Calliope,” (a favorite,) barring Signor Paganini in the *hate*!” cries out another on the grand stand, making his big, manly voice re-sound over the noisy multitude below. “I’ll down with me three tin pennies on Brian Boru, and we’ll drink it out, Mikky Doolan, whichever wins,” whispers a countryman in a caubeen and corduroy inexpressibles, unbuttoned at the knees, to show his tightly gartered new hose to a friend by his side, whose round, plump and ruddy face, with a joyous twinkle in his full dark eye, is directed in eager scrutiny of the animal, rejoicing in that, to every Irishman, captivating name. Their money is destined never to change hands, for poor Brian Boru has nothing but his sobriquet to recommend him. “I am the boy for the *leedies*!” roars out a ballad singer, at the top of his lungs, amidst the shouts of every humble stander by, to whom that popular song is ever an announcement of unbridled merriment.

The important sports of the day, including a few handicap sweepstakes made on the spot, concluded while the sun was high in the firmament, Signor Paganini, as was expected, distancing every competitor, when the officer I have before alluded to, inspired by that spirit of fun which is so redolent in the Irish character, proposed to form a small purse, to be run for by donkies, of which there was an abundance, grazing about the green sward that skirted the course on all sides. The idea was eagerly embraced by the gentlemen around, and soon getting wind, the mob was agi-

tated throughout its whole extent, and instantly exhibited such a scene of grinning faces that one glance at it would have sufficed to cure the deepest hypochondriac of his malady forever. A few men were despatched, *instantly*, to catch a dozen or so of the poor animals, which were quietly pondering, in their usual solemn manner, on the general ways of the world, and the fate of asses in particular, little dreaming of the plot which was working against their modest tranquillity; and, in a few minutes, a regular stud of them were clustered in front of the grand stand. Six of the best conditioned were soon selected, regularly entered as Jerusalem ponies, age, height and genealogy of course inserted, with all due regard to the rules of the turf, and notices were hastily posted, in manuscript, on the most conspicuous objects in sight, from which it was learned that it was to be a two mile heat open to all comers, subject to rejection however, without appeal, by the committee. A purse of five pounds was to be the prize of the winner, and thirty shillings to the second in, provided he saved his distance. There was some little difficulty experienced in taking the riders from the overwhelming multitude, who vociferously advanced their claims to the honor and perspective advantage of jockeyship; there were some hundreds of competitors, amidst whom such a variety of skrimmages took place, that at one time the whole affair threatened to wind up in a general row, but the police riding in, after a sharp scuffle dispersed the more combative portion of them, and order was again restored. Many broken heads and a good deal of tattered country finery, however, plainly showed the keenness of the short conflict, and gave another fine proof of the inflammable nature of the materials by which we were surrounded, and the ruling propensity of the "Gems." Six finely proportioned fellows were at length mounted, the donkeys were brought to the starting post, amidst the cheers and loud laughter of the assembled spectators, each animal exhibiting a long streamer of ribbon, pendent from his ample ear, hastily furnished by the ladies, who very readily cut off their bonnet ties for the purpose, and each rider, with outstretched neck and attentive mien, waited impatiently for the trumpet to sound Off! They were Green, Red, Blue, White, Yellow and Tartan. Amongst them, conspicuously distinguished by his glaring uniform, was a soldier of the 87th, one of the detachment to which I before alluded, set down in the cards as Patrick Rooney, of whom we shall have more to say anon. The signal was at length given, and away they went, followed by the whole field, on the edge of the sward, screeching, yelling, and animating their separate favorites, in every variety of tone and conventional country phraseology. It would be lengthening the communication beyond all fair bounds, to particularize every event in this strangely hilarious match; suffice it to say, the donkeys displayed all the obstinacy of spirit common to their race, now jogging on with tolerable evenness, now stopping doggedly, as if engaged in the solution of some abstruse mathematical theorem, thoroughly insensible to the showers of blows, which fell on them from thong and butt in quick succession from the enraged

riders, who were again and again thrown out of their seats, by the plentiful contortions which these animals use when bent on getting rid of an unaccustomed or distasteful burthen. Two of them declared off before they had set on half a mile, resolutely rolling on the ground with their hoofs in the air, and intimating most significantly that they had no ambition, and would go no further. The other four kept on, with various fortunes, sometimes one and sometimes another in front, until a mile and a half of ground was cleared, when, most unfortunately, a lady member of the asinine community, grazing near the spot in which they were all huddled together, in most admired confusion, set up a loud and lengthened bray, which operated with magical effect on two of the remaining competitors, rampant stallions, who immediately responding in gallant congenial strain, pricked up their ears, kicked up their heels, and in spite of whip and spur, off they bolted, in their amorous pursuit, nor could they ever more be again brought on the track. Two now only remained to dispute the prize, on one of which was Rooney the soldier, who had managed his dubious steed with much skill, moving forward uninterruptedly with "solemn step and slow," and yet, by the perverse disposition and uncertain gambols of the rest, he generally led. The other hero, presenting a rich specimen of native characteristic physiognomy, a face so truly milesian, that to use a figure, invented on the other side of the channel, "you might pick a potato out of it," now came prominently into notice, whose name, uttered in tones of encouragement by a score of violently excited partizans, close at his heels, revealed to history the euphonious epithet of O'Shea, Dennis O'Shea! "On wid ye, Dinny darling! and ould Ireland forever! Don't let the red coat bate you, anny how, and bring shame on the counthry that nursed ye! Whoo!" These and similar ebullitions, of alternate applause and invective, resounded from all sides. The comrades of Rooney now began to evince some sentiments of hope and fear, as they contemplated his mild and unexcited bearing. "Paddy! what are ye afther! y'ere sowl! y'ere sitting there like ould Nosey,* on the stone horse, and the karakther of the regiment at stake! Thry yer hand at the butt, stick him in the crupper, the baste!"

They were now at the distance post, and the goal, with all its golden advantages, was plainly in view: both animals were nearly even, O'Shea, pelting away with whip and spur, and Rooney, now getting a little anxious, began to urge on his charger, with rather more violent appliances than he had hitherto used. Just at this moment, O'Shea, who was rather in advance, by an unlucky sway on one side of the donkey, originating in an ardent desire to hit him on the nose, which he had suddenly turned round, to take a glance at the space he had compassed, or to look for his absent friends, fell headlong to the ground, dragging the poor beast on top of him. A shout and a groan from the accompanying crowd, testified the anguish and triumph of the friends of the two parties. On went the soldier, confident in his success, and glowing with

* The statue of King William the 2d on College Green.

his anticipated victory, when at about a hundred yards from the winning post, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." The perverse devil, as if he had reserved his independence to this point, for the sole purpose of making his rider's mortification the more bitter, as he had the prize almost within his grasp, extended his four legs, in a lateral direction, for the purpose, no doubt, of holding more ground in the discussion he was about to challenge, stood stock still, refused to budge an inch, and was alike insensible to prayers, reproaches and blows. O'Shea in the meantime had remounted, and was approaching fast. "Och! hone, thin, I'm ruined entirely! Jewel! darling! oh! you desaiver, is this the way ye are? Murther! he's close be-hint!" Thus did poor Rooney alternately cajole, entreat, push from behind and drag before. Now he belabored him and now he coaxed, but it was no go; as each furious blow descended on his head, he shook it mildly, yet with a significance that could not be misunderstood. It seemed as if each iron hoof had met a magnet in its path, and was chained to it forever. "Och! thin," cried he, as he gazed in despair on his rival, now within a dozen paces of him, "what shall I do? I'm as wake as a piece of wet paper, wid the toil and the fright and the thrimbling I'm in! I do be thrimbling like a sthraw upon the water!" At this moment a thought struck him, which he acted upon with the rapidity of lightning, there was no time to lose. He drops the whip, runs to the head of the obstinate brute, turns his back on him, and stooping low, lifts his fore legs off the ground, and places them on his shoulder. Then pulling with all his might, he gets him on a run, and in this grotesque and violent way, amidst thunders of applause, gentlemen shouting, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the mob yelling in triumphant accord, rushed past the winning post, breathless and exhausted, thus beating his antagonist by a couple of lengths.

A curious question was started as to the legality of the soldier's claim to the purse, but the ingenuity of the device, and the promptitude and ready invention of Paddy Rooney, were so conspicuous in their effect on the whole field, (none so ready as my countrymen to bow before a scintillation of genius, and Paddy *was* a genius,) that the faint murmurs of O'Shea, evidently made with shame on his mind at the injustice, were drowned in a simultaneous burst of admiration from all parts, which came like a tempest on victor and discomfited, and his money was handed to him, with a hearty shake of the hand, by the chairman of the committee.

I do not know whether a case of similar nature has ever come before the Jockey Club, or not: if any of your readers choose to make it a subject of grave discussion, I shall always be ready to afford all the authentic information respecting the match, as I possess or can collect.

En attendant, I can assure them that the story lives, and will continue to live, in the traditions of the far-famed Curragh of Kildare, and I regret that the poor ass thus compelled to win, in spite of himself, has not had her name chronicled, with that of her memorable jockey, the renowned Paddy Rooney!

HIBERNICUS AURELIANENSIS.

EPSOM RACES.

THE DERBY AND OAKS OF 1844.

OFt has a description of Epsom Races been sent forth to the public through the medium of these pages—oft has that description been varied in a flow of words; but still the same, or nearly the same, chain of incidents has been represented. As usual at this season of the year, multitudes of high and low, rich and poor have flocked to the Metropolis, some in search of pleasure, some for the purpose of business, and consequent upon their trip, after the custom of former days, have joined their London friends in seeking the pleasure of this annual festival. To many the excitement of the journey is a sufficient temptation; whilst others, caring but little for that, are ambitious for once to witness the scene for the sake of talking about it during the remainder of their lives. Some come down in the expectation of seeing a race; an event existing more in the anticipation than in the reality with a certain portion, whose sole object is the profit or loss of what results from their speculations. The extraordinary circumstance of two horses, Ratan and Ugly Buck, having for many months maintained nearly equivalent positions in the betting, is almost without a precedent. Whenever any event took place to raise the one in the estimation of the public, the partisans of the other came forward with alacrity to uphold the position of their pet. Ratan, from his victory in his race at Newmarket Craven Meeting, at the same time that it raised him in public favor, could not make any sail from his competitor, who came up in nearly the same ratio. The Ugly Buck's running for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, although won by him, did not give him much of a lead from his companion; yet it caused a little feeling to exist against him in consequence of his not winning in that commanding manner that many considered imperative from a horse of Derby pretensions. Numerous other horses have been touched upon at various, but, generally speaking, high odds, with the exception of Loadstone, Orlando, Leander, Running Rein, and Akbar, each of which found favor at quotations under 20 to 1. Bay Momus was also complimented at the low figure of 12 to 1, but not to any great amount. These, however, with the exception of the two favorites, fluctuated considerably, affording opportunities for those who make books on the race to take advantage of such variations for their profit and emolument.

The betting on Monday (20th May), when the assemblage was about an average, was as follows:—

5 to 2 agst. The Ugly Buck	30 to 1 agst. Qui Tam
5 to 2 agst. Ratan	30 to 1 agst. Ionian
12 to 1 agst. Orlando	40 to 1 agst. Mount Charles
14 to 1 agst. Leander	50 to 1 agst. King of the Gipsies
16 to 1 agst. Akbar	100 to 1 agst. Mainstay
17 to 1 agst. Running Rein	100 to 1 agst. Campanero
18 to 1 agst. Bay Momus.	100 to 1 agst. Telemachus.

The almost unprecedented continuation of dry weather which we have lately experienced rendered the course as hard as adamant, the effect of which upon the legs and feet it is not requisite to explain. On *Tuesday* morning lowering clouds proclaimed the approach of rain, and a little moisture fell, enough to cool the surface of the earth, but by no means sufficient to reduce the hardness of the ground. Towards one o'clock, the atmosphere began to brighten up: by two, the hour when the first race was proclaimed to take place, the rain had abated, and as the evening grew, it became bright and fair, with little or no prospect of more moisture.

THE DERBY DAY.

Wednesday, May 22.—The unerring hand of Time, passing on with its accustomed punctuality, at length brought on the day which to the Sporting World ranks as the most important in the year. Thousands of mortals anxiously anticipate the occasion when thousands of pounds are destined to exchange owners.

The delight of the road from town through a suffocating cloud of dust I will leave to the description of those who experienced it, or to the imagination of those who are inclined to contemplate it. Being located at the quiet little hostelry, the Bull, at Leatherhead, where I have invariably taken up my quarters for the last seven or eight years, the toil of travelling to and fro is dispensed with. The small portion of moisture which fell on *Tuesday* was completely dissipated; the Course *of course* was hard as iron, to obviate which a light coat of tan was thrown over it, but the benefit produced could be but very trivial; at the same time, if regularly laid on a little as the grass grows through, the good effects on Epsom Downs could not be questioned.

A full average number congregated to witness the eventful race, and a great assemblage of the betting population attended the Ring, where their negotiations were carried on to a considerable extent at about the following terms:—

9 to 4 agst The Ugly Buck	20 to 1 agst Akbar
5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Ratan	20 to 1 agst Qui Tam
10 to 1 agst Running Rein	20 to 1 agst Bay Momus
14 to 1 agst Leander	1000 to 15 agst Loadstone
15 to 1 agst Ionian	1000 to 15 agst Delightful colt
20 to 1 agst Orlando	1000 to 10 agst British Tar,

And various liberal amounts offered against other outsiders.

A formal protest was sent in signed by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Bowes, and John Scott, against the identity of Running Rein, the result of which was that the Stewards allowed him to start subject to a future investigation—a course somewhat unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the case might have been previously decided as readily as hereafter. Both plaintiffs and defendants knowing well what was intended, the *cause* should have come on *before* the race, and as Colonel Peel, whose horses ran second, had not been a party to the protest, he stands in the position of an objector *after* the

event, and consequently the proof lies with him. Of the probability of substantiating it deponent sayeth not.

A positive determination emanating from the Home Secretary to suppress gambling, especially at the booths, on all race-courses, had the effect of completely putting a stop to such proceedings; and the police being instructed to prevent play of any kind, the numerous booths which had been erected at a very considerable expense by their respective proprietors were all closed. Without the slightest disposition to enter the lists as a champion of gaming, and however disreputable the characters may be of the clique forming the owners of the said tables, in justice to them, notice ought to have been given prior to their taking the ground and erecting their establishments, and for which purpose the Magistrates of the County ought to have been made the medium; instead of which they were not even apprised of the intention.

The Jockeys having weighed, they were summoned before the Stewards, Sir Gilbert Heathcote and Baron De Teissier, from whom they received a very wholesome lesson on the impropriety of attempting to take undue advantage of each other in starting, blended with admonitions that the laws of racing in such case made and provided would be put into effect should any in the exhibition of wayward temper disregard the mandates of the Starter; explaining that fines would be levied for disobedience, and which fines were to be accumulated. Thus a jockey ran the risk of being fined a much greater amount than the fee for riding. Whether extra fees were to be given under such circumstances did not transpire.

Contrary to expectation a large Field of horses came to the Post: no fewer than twenty-nine were mounted on the usualtingnabulary notice being given. The condition of the two cracks, Ratan and The Ugly Buck, was most minutely criticised, each calling forth encomiums from their respective admirers—the former looking exceedingly blooming, and the latter in the way which John Day's accustomed strong preparation is calculated to produce. Bay Momus, as bright as satin, a cleanly speedy-looking animal when stripped, with Cockamaroo and T'Auld Squire, comprised John Scott's lot: of Colonel Peel's, Orlando, a small horse with somewhat extravagant action, and Ionian, each doing credit to their trainer. But it is only justice to mention that Running Rein evinced the bloom and perfection of condition to quite as great an extent as any horse on the course. With regard to the others, their appearance was such as to indicate that due care had been taken of them.

After two failures, which scarcely come under the denomination of false starts, they all got off together, when having somewhat settled to their stride, Voltri was distinguishable as having the lead: he was, however, soon dispossessed of it by Leander, who carried on the running at a great pace to about two hundred yards beyond the first turn, when he broke his off hind-leg. At this point, Akbar, The Ugly Buck, Orlando, and Ratan were lying up, with Running Rein in their company, who, immediately after the

accident to Leander, emerging from the crowd, went on and took the lead, which he never afterwards lost: he was followed by Akbar and The Ugly Buck nearly to the Road, when these declining, their places were taken by Colonel Peel's two, which were, however, unable to reach the leading horse, Running Rein, and he was declared by Judge Clark's unerring eye to have defeated Orlando three quarters of a length, Ionian being about three lengths from the winner, and Bay Momus a neck farther off; all of which were placed. It would be in vain to assign places to more, as they were beaten so far.—The following list comprises the lot that started for

The Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 2lb.: the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police regulations of the Course; one mile and a half; one hundred and fifty-five subs. :—

Mr. A. Wood's b. c. <i>Running Rein</i> , by The Saddler, out of Mab	Mann.....	1
Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Orlando</i> , by Touchstone, out of Vulture.....	Nat	2
Col. Peel's b. c. <i>Ionian</i> , by Ion, out of Malibran	G. Edwards.....	3
Col. Anson's b. c. <i>Bay Momus</i> , by Bay Middleton, out of Sister to Grey Momus	F. Butler	4
Mr. J. Day's b. c. The Ugly Buck, by Venison, out of Monstrosity..	J. Day, jun.....	0
Mr. J. Day's br. c. Voltri, by Voltaire, out of Myrrha	W. Day	0
Mr. Crockford's ch. c. Ratan, by Buzzard, out of Rainbow's dam...	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Bowes's b. c. T'Auld Squire, by Bretby, out of Oblivion.....	Holmes.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Akbar, by Rockingham, out of Stately....	Chapple.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Campanero, by Velocipede—Nannette.....	Perrin	0
Mr. Ford's b. c. Qui Tam, by Elis, out of Rodice	Robinson	0
Mr. Ford's ch. c. Phalaris, by Bran, out of Taurus's dam	Whitehouse.....	0
Mr. J. Osborne's ch. c. Mountcharles, by Slane, out of Mamsel Otz..	Rumby	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Croton Oil, by Physician, dam by Capsicum	W. Howlett.....	0
Mr. A. Hill's b. c. Beaumont, by Marcian, dam by Mulatto	Calloway	0
Mr. Lichtwald's b. c. Leander, by Scamander, out of Sister to Mus-sulman (1836)	Bell.....	0
Mr. Gratwicke's ch. c. Needful, by Elis, out of Frederica.....	Cotton	0
Mr. Forth's c. The Ashted Pet (h. b.), by Grey Surrey—Echo.....	Boyce	0
Mr. S. Herbert's ch. c. by Elis, out of Delightful	Sly	0
Lord Glasgow's b. c. by Velocipede, out of Amulet.....	Hesseltine	0
Mr. Gregory's b. c. Loadstone, by Touchstone, out of Ildegarda.....	Darling	0
Lord Westminster's bl. c. Lancet, by Touchstone, out of Laura ..	Templeman	0
Mr. St. Paul's b. or ro. c. Telemachus, by Inheritor, out of Calypso	Marson	0
Mr. F. Ongley's br. c. King of the Gipsies, by Rasselas—Queen of the Gipsies' dam	Marlow	0
Mr. M. Jones's br. g. British Tar, by Sheet Anchor, out of Lillah ..	M. Jones	0
Mr. Cuthbert's b. c. Beaufront, by Muley Moloch—Gallipot's dam...	J. Howlett	0
Lord Majdstone's b. c. Cockamaroo, by Emilius, out of Velocity....	Simpson	0
Mr. Dixon's ch. c. Dick Thornton, by Medora, out of Orphan.....	Darling, jun.....	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Elemi, bro. to Mango, by Emilius—Mustard..	Chifney	0

Colonel Peel, not having entered a protest against Running Rein prior to the specified time for doing so in order to throw the *onus probandi* on the owner, gave notice to the Stakeholder not to pay the Stakes, which amount to £4,250, to the proprietor of Running Rein: consequently it rests with the Colonel to substantiate his grounds for objection.

Scarcely had the deafening shouts of the spectators ceased to vibrate on the ear which on all similar occasions welcome the winner of the Derby, when a general disposition began to display itself of doing homage to the stores of delicacies which each party had brought down for themselves and friends, whilst beverages of all kinds became in requisition, from humble ginger-pop to aristocratic champagne. Winners and losers appeared to amalgamate

each others' feelings, so that the unreasonable excitement of the former and the sadness of the latter kept each other in order.

The racing which takes place after the Derby is of such minor importance that scarcely any one notices it, with the exception of those who have horses engaged.

THE OAKS DAY.

Friday, May 24—With a continuation of weather precisely similar to that which has characterized the former days of this meeting, the morn of the conclusion of Epsom races (*Friday*) was ushered in, and being calculated to bring forth pleasure-seekers and holiday-makers, a full average share of the Metropolitan multitude found their way to the Downs by the varied means of conveyance.

The subject of the alleged disqualification of Running Rein has since the race been a general topic for remark among racing men, upon which various opinions have been formed: but it is idle to comment thereon beyond the expression of regret that it was not settled prior to the race. The confusion which it must create in the settlement of bets will be most serious. Some new regulations as to the pedigree and identity of blood stock are imperatively called for.

On perusing the list of fillies engaged to run for the Oaks, no fewer than 30 presented their names as candidates for the contest, twenty-five of which came to the Post, and, from the known pretensions of several, a considerable amount of speculation resulted. —The Princess, under the especial care of John Scott, stood first favorite with her friends in the ring on the evening prior to the race, and her appearance fully justified their most sanguine hopes. Sister to Martingale and Barricade were also highly thought of, especially the former, with her very superior jockey, James Robinson, on her back; and although it was reported a few weeks since that she was a little out of sorts, her return to perfect convalescence was as unequivocal as her most sanguine admirers could desire.

The betting on the previous day was on the following scale:—

9 to 2 agst The Princess	18 to 1 agst Buzz
6 to 1 agst Sister to Martingale	20 to 1 agst Fair Charlotte
6 to 1 agst Barricade	20 to 1 agst April Noddy
12 to 1 agst Merope	22 to 1 agst Miss York
12 to 1 agst All-round-my-Hat	25 to 1 agst Emerald
14 to 1 agst Barbara Filly	1000 to 30 agst Joan of Arc.
15 to 1 agst Moor-hen Filly	

The only change at starting was the increased favor in which "The Squire's" filly was held, and the longest odds obtainable against her was 7 to 2.

The morning commenced with gloomy clouds and a chilly atmosphere which during the day turned to a bright and heat similar to what we have experienced for so great a length of time, and the Course which was well attended, presented the same dusty un-

comfortable condition of which we had to complain on the Derby Day.

A larger Field than was expected came to the post. The condition of all Scott's—and, as will be seen, he had four—was greatly admired, also that of Barricade.

The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each; the owner of the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the police regulations of the Course; Last mile and a half; one hundred and eighteen subs.

Col. Anson's ch. f. <i>The Princess</i> , by Slane, out of Sister to Cobweb...	F. Butler.....	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Merope</i> , by Voltaire, out of Velocipede's dam	W. Boyce.....	2
Mr. Gregory's bl. f. <i>Barricade</i> , by Defence, out of Europa.....	Marson.....	3
Lord Albemarle's b. f. Robinia, by Liverpool, out of Ralph's dam.....	Whitehouse....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's br. f. All-round-my-Hat, by Bay Middleton, out of Chapeau d'Espagne.....	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Lichtwald's br. f. Julia, by Muley Moloch, out of Barbara.....	Bell.....	0
Col. Anson's ch. f. <i>The Buzz</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of Scandal.....	J. Holmes.....	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's bl. f. Coal Black Rose, by Picaroon—Jemima ..	Darling.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>The Bee</i> , by Gladiator, out of Arachne.....	Nat.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. Joan of Arc, by Gladiator—Anchorite's dam	Simpson.....	0
Mr. Denham's b. f. Fair Charlotte, by Camel—Compensation's dam ..	J. Howlett.....	0
Mr. Dixon's ch. f. <i>Arethusa</i> , by Elis, out of Aunt Bliss.....	Lye.....	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. <i>Pergularia</i> , by Belram, out of Datura.....	Mann.....	0
Mr. Gratwicke's b. f. <i>Stomacher</i> , by Elis, out of Cestus.....	Cotton.....	0
Mr. W. S. Standish's ch. f. Susan, by Elis, out of Tesane.....	Francis.....	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. Sister to Martingale, by The Saddler, dam by Partisan.....	Robinson.....	0
Col. Peel's b. f. Zenobia, sister to Murat, by Slane, out of Hester...	Chapple.....	0
Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. <i>Charming Kate</i> , by Sir Hercules	Calloway.....	0
Mr. J. Robinson's ch. f. April Noddy, by Confederate or Mulatto, out of Calista.....	Marlow.....	0
Baron Rothschild's ch. f. <i>Emerald</i> , by Defence, out of Emiliana	J. Day, jun.....	0
Lord Stradbroke's b. f. <i>The Boarding School Miss</i> , by Plenipo, out of Marpessa.....	G. Edwards.....	0
Mr. Thornhill's br. f. <i>Example</i> , by Emilius, out of Maria.....	Chifney.....	0
Lord Westminster's br. f. Fanny Eden, by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor	Templeman....	0
Maj. Yarburgh's b. f. Miss York, by M. Moloch or Phoenix—Easter...	E. Edwards.....	0
Mr. Rogers' b. f. by Albemarle, out of Moorhen	Bartholomew ..	0

Charming Kate, somewhat overpowering her jockey, took up the running as soon as the Starter had given the word "off," and carried it on about a quarter of a mile, when Calloway became more able to control her, although not exactly to his wishes. Barricade then made the running, with Emerald, All-round-my-Hat, and Fair Charlotte at hand. At the corner, Princess took the third place, and near the road passed Barricade, Merope having got up and looking like a winner, but was unable to reach Princess, who without anything bordering on difficulty passed the Winning Post two lengths in front of Merope. The pace was slow.

Most of the company left the Course after the race for the Oaks, nor was the result of the two minor races of sufficient moment to create any regret at the loss of not seeing them: they were both won with ease, and further notice than that of the horses which started is therefore rendered unnecessary.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1844.

THE "DERBY" AND THE "SETTLING."

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

We have now gathered to their fathers no fewer than sixty-five "Derbys," and the one whose "lease has just expired" has caused more confusion than any on record. In the first place, Running Rein is objected to on account of his not being supposed to be the foal purchased of Dr. Cobb, of York; also that from "his own mouth" we convict him of being a year older than he ought to have been on the great and important day. Leander too, who was objected to by Lord Maidstone and others on similar grounds, put his "spoke in the wheel;" but, alas! he has retired to that *course* from which no racer ever returned. We may here state, that after the unfortunate accident to this animal, he was destroyed, and quietly buried with all his "imperfections on his head;" but owing to the joyfulness of Scott's party at The Princess winning the OAKS, some after-dinner discussions led to wagers, and the result was a fixed determination, "by way of a frisk," to have Leander up again. Acting upon the impulse, the "spade and shovel" were immediately sought after, and the "whereabouts" *speedily* discovered at Ashted, and in a short space of time the grave of the unlucky Leander was re-opened: when, lo! he was found *minus the lower jaw*. As a matter of *course*, the Northern Division looked upon this singular circumstance with great suspicion, and without "let or hindrance" took upon themselves the responsibility of beheading the unfortunate remains of one which I had calculated to carry off the great event of the year 1844. On Sunday morning the remaining part of the head was submitted to Mr. Bartlett, the Veterinary Surgeon of Dorking, who, after examining the upper jaw, pronounced it most decidedly to be that of a *four-year-old*. The fun, if I may be allowed the expression, did not end here, for Mr. Forth, hearing of the "discovery," went *instantly* to Mr. Field, of Oxford Street, who also declared his opinion to be on the side of his "Learned Brother," Mr. Bartlett. Forth then, in the presence of Lord Stradbroke, declared that he had been most grossly imposed upon by the Messrs. Lichtwald, and that it was only the vicious temper of the colt that had prevented an earlier discovery of the *fraud that had been practised upon him!!!* To me it seems passing strange that such a person as Mr. Forth, connected as he has been with horses all his "seventy years," should not have been more awake to the impositions of the Turf, and more particularly so because Leander was *stated* to have been foaled in Germany. To carry out the singularity of this mysterious affair, I learn that Leander's death-blow was received from Running Rein's striking his leg when going up to make the running more desperate. To crown all, the Messrs. Lichtwald have been "found wanting" since the *tragedy*. It may be remembered

that I have on more than one occasion written well of Leander's chance for this great race, and it was a consolation to me, when told by one of the *keenest* judges of racing ever known, borne out also by Bell the *Jockey*, that the colt would have won cleverly but for the "untoward event." Of course I had nothing to do with his age: I wrote from a private channel, and my information said that the colt "went well, would be ridden by Bell, and was tolerably certain to win." So much for the departed Leander.

And now for a word or two about the *Settling* (?)—a startling word, not very easily understood by the generality of Betting men. If either of the favorites had won, the said *Settlement* would have been awfully bad; as it is, owing to Colonel Peel's objection and the death of Mr. Crockford, with other matters connected strongly with the ring, the great race will be long remembered by all classes.

As the pedigree of Running Rein (open to objection), as entered, may be of interest, I beg to state that he was foaled in 1841, bred by Charles Cobb, Esq., Surgeon, Low Street, New Malton; was got by The Saddler out of Mab (bred by E. Ewbank, Esq., who sold her to W. Allen, Esq., of the Lodge, Malton, from whom she was transferred by purchase to Mr. Cobb), by Duncan Grey; grandam (bred by the late G. Crompton, Esq., of York), by Macbeth; great grandam, Margaret, by Hambletonian; great great grandam, Rosamond (the dam of Barefoot, winner of the St. Leger in 1823), by Buzzard; great great great grandam, Roseberry (Sister to Hubby), by Phenomenon; great great great great grandam, Miss West (the dam of the celebrated Quiz), by Match'em—Regulus—Young Ebony, by Crab—Ebony, by Flying Childers, &c.—Thus it will be seen that the best Northern blood is flowing in the *said* Running Rein's veins, combining the Eclipse and Flying Childers blood.

I may here observe, that at a meeting of the influential Subscribers to the room at Tattersall's on Monday, those interested in the Derby and Oaks "Settlement" came to the conclusion that no possible impediment could exist to the arranging all accounts for the former in which the names of Running Rein and Orlando do not occur, and that therefore the settling would take place as usual, with the above exceptions.

As regards the late Mr. Crockford's accounts, the following letter was received by Mr. Tattersall from the relict of the deceased:—

"SIR—I trust that the circumstances which cause me to address you will be a sufficient apology for doing so.

"Being ignorant of the custom in use at Tattersall's in situations parallel to the one I now find myself placed in, I consider it best for me at once to place in your hands the betting-book of my deceased husband.

"You will perceive, that in case Running Rein shall receive the Stakes, there will be a loss of £604, and in case Orlando shall receive them, of £724.

"I inclose you, therefore, a cheque for the large sum, and would

wish you to apply it, together with the receipts from the several losers, to pay as far as may be the claims of the several winners.

"It is possible that in a case of this sort it is not customary to settle the book; should it be so, I am not anxious to establish a precedent.

"With a deep sense of the trouble I am about to impose upon you,

"I have the honor to be, &c.,

"S. F. CROCKFORD."

"*Carlton House Terrace, May 27, 1844.*"

Mr. Tattersall immediately handed this letter to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who gave their opinion as follows:—

"We are of opinion that every person indebted to the late Mr. Crockford on his Epsom account is bound to pay the amount due to the person deputed to settle the same.

(Signed)

"STRADBROKE.

"May 27, 1844."

"GEORGE BYNG."

And now of the "Settling"—I am truly happy to say that it passed off, as far as it went, quite as well as the most anxious anticipated. Of course, those bets touching Running Rein and Orlando stand over. The "book-men" seem to be the greatest receivers at present: whether any of them will have to refund at some future period is a question only to be decided by *Law*. If Running Rein get the Stakes, his party, which consist of Mr. A. Wood, Mr. Glenn, Mr. Goodman, &c., will have a *creditable* balance in their favor of something like £50,000. This large sum will, if gained, put two or three absentees since Attila's year on their *legs* again in the fascinating "Room." There was some bickering respecting the lost Leander, and Mr. Forth made, what I and nine-tenths of the "Room" thought, a lame defence; but as the "Old Gentleman" had lost his money and *the* horse, I will say no more on the subject.

Mr. F. Clarke, at the request of Mr. Tattersall, undertook the settlement of the late Mr. Crockford's "Book," and I am happy to say the accounts were nearly closed.

Colonel Anson is reported to be a good winner on the OAKS, and I shall be glad if the report, which I have no reason to doubt, be true, for a more straightforward and sincere Patron of the Turf does not exist than the Gallant Colonel. When I left the Yard, I saw £500 even betted between Running Rein and Orlando for the "Golden Apple."

The Racing Public will learn with extreme regret, that that great Patron of the Turf, T. Thornhill, Esq., of Riddlesworth, at the time of our going to Press, was lying dangerously ill at his residence in Berkeley Square, and with scarcely a hope of recovery. [He has since died.]

Notes of the Month.

J U L Y .

IMPORTANT TURF MOVEMENTS.

Two events are likely to take place immediately, which are fraught with momentous consequence to the American Turf. One enterprise has already been positively determined upon, and we hope and trust the other will be persevered in. It has been definitely arranged that Col. JOHNSON, of Virginia, "the Napoleon of the Turf," in this country, will have a most formidable corps of cavalry next winter at New Orleans! About the 1st of August his stable will leave Petersburg for Kentucky, where it will be trained (at Dover,) and go down the river in November. [The Association meeting at New Orleans, on the Eclipse Course, commences on the 9th of Dec.; the date of the meetings on the Louisiana and Metairie Courses there, has not yet been officially announced.] Col. Johnson's string will be accompanied by ARTHUR TAYLOR and GIL. PATRICK, and at the opening of the campaign "Old Nap." will take the field in person. Of the horses which are to compose Col. J.'s stable it is only known positively that *Blue Dick* and *Midas* will be comprised in it, but it is confidently expected, by those best informed, that these two cracks will be accompanied by Messrs. TOWNES and WILLIAMSON's *Regent*, and Mr. HARE's *Patsy Anthony*.

Great inducements have been held out to Turfmen in distant States to visit New Orleans, by the splendid Stakes recently opened there, as advertised in the "Spirit," and to which we have more than once invited attention. On the Metairie Course there is a stake for all ages, four mile heats, with a subscription of \$2000 each, \$500 forfeit. Also one for all ages, two mile heats, sub. \$1000 each, \$250 forfeit. There are already a large number of subscribers to each stake, both of which close on the 1st Aug. On the Eclipse Course, there is a Post Stake for all ages, four mile heats, which has already closed with seven subscribers, at \$500 each, to the winner of which the "Louisiana Association" gives \$500. Several other stakes are open to come off over the two courses named; the programme of the meeting on the Louisiana Course (formerly GARRISON's) has not been published.

The other event to which we have referred is the flattering prospect that a crack stable from the South-west will "carry the war into Africa" next season! It is not at all unlikely that the stable alluded to will embark from this city for England! We know that the N. Y. Jockey Club and the Proprietors of the Union and Beacon Courses here, have made the distinguished Turfman in question the most liberal offers to bring on his stable here. Before leaving it is presumed that the choice of the stable will give Fashion a turn, and should it be demonstrated that the Northern Champion is still too fleet for the fast, and too stout for the strong, it is altogether likely that she herself might be added to the string. We know that her owner lately offered her, in the handsomest manner, free of charge, to an eminent Northern Turfman, who suggested her going to England, simply insisting that she should be accompanied by the LAIRDS, her sole trainer and jockey since she came on the Turf.

For the principal stakes in England, such as the Cups at Goodwood, Liverpool, Doncaster, Chester, Ascot, etc., which are free for all ages, "horses got by Arabian, Turkish, or Persian mares, are allowed 18 lbs., both 36 lbs.,—*"horses bred in America, or upon the continent of Europe are allowed fourteen pounds.* Horses never having won £100, including their own stake, at any one time in Great Britain, previous to the day of starting, are allowed *five pounds.* Four year olds and upwards, never having won or received as second horse £100, including their own stake, at any time in '43 or '44, and not having been placed in the Derby or St. Leger of '43 or '44, are allowed *ten pounds.* Maiden horses [those which have never won in England] of 5 yrs.

"old, are allowed 18 lbs.; maiden 6 yr. olds, allowed 28 lbs.," etc., etc.
 "Horses having won abroad not to be considered winners in this stake"

Such are the principal conditions of the *Goodwood Cup*, which is of \$1500 value, added to a subscription of \$100 each, with \$500 added, from the Racing Fund. The distance run is 135 yards short of three miles [a single heat], the course being two and a half miles and 305 yards in length. Three year olds carry 102 lbs.—4, 127 lbs.—5, 135 lbs.—6, and aged, 138 lbs., mares being allowed 4 lbs. and geldings 7 lbs. It will be seen that horses bred in America are allowed about *twenty-eight pounds*! Nor is this all. English horses of repute as winners are obliged to carry *extra weight*. For instance, "the winner of the Gold Cup at Ascot has to carry 5 lbs. extra, the 2d horse 3 lbs. extra; the winner of the Oaks 7 lbs. extra, the 2d, 2 lbs. extra; the winner of the Drawing Room Stakes, 5 lbs. extra;" etc. etc. etc.

Now is there a horse living that can give such flyers as Fashion, Blue Dick, Peytona, Ruffin, Ann Hays, Cracovienne, Gallwey, Sartin, and others, *twenty-eight pounds*, or any thing like it, in a race of a single heat of less than three miles? We do not believe it. Yet the odds against a horse bred in America or on the Continent would be \$15,000 to \$1000 at least, and probably much greater. The average number of subscribers to the Goodwood and other Cups and Stakes is from fifty to sixty, so that the prize itself amounts to about \$8 000, while not unfrequently it reaches \$15,000. The Goodwood races commences on the last Tuesday of July. The subscription closes at Messrs. WEATHERBY'S, at Newmarket and in London, on Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, (which is held in the 3d week of April,) and Subscribers name to them, in London, on the Tuesday following the Epsom Meeting, (which is held in the last week of May, the Derby being run on Wednesday and the Oaks on Friday.)

Our readers may rely upon being promptly advised of the progress of these movements, which are interesting and important, to the last degree.

Blue Dick and Fashion—The owner of Fashion has declined accepting a challenge from the owner of Blue Dick—declaring that he did not intend running the mare again this season.
 Richmond Compiler.

The above paragraph is going the rounds of the press at the South and West, derived probably, from some obscure source in this city. We copy it for the purpose of stating that it is grossly and gratuitously false in all respects. Blue Dick's friends have never offered to match him against Fashion, and so far from her declining a challenge we know that her owner has given her friends permission to accept of any challenge to run four mile heats, from any quarter whatever. *Fashion's friends challenge no one*, but they will accept one to run four mile heats for from \$20,000 to \$100,000.

On the evening of the race between Blue Dick and Fashion, an offer was made to run *Midas* against Fashion, over the Beacon Course *within a fortnight*, for \$5000, which offer, of course, was declined by her friends.

In our report of the race between Blue Dick and Fashion, we spoke of Craig's bringing Blue Dick up "under the whip." Craig informs us that he did not use one, but that he raised his arm over him and made the motion of using one; he was so far from us at the time that we took it for granted he had a whip in his hand, and thus fell into error. When Dick bolted Craig got him back into the course in an incredibly short time. One gentleman *timed his bolt* [!] and states that it occupied nineteen seconds! We think it was longer, judging from the immense gap Fashion opened on him; he must have run the heat in about eight minutes. We hardly ever saw a more gallant run than Blue Dick made in his 15th mile. He had not so much "foot" as the mare, who beat him the 1st heat cleverly on a brush. Laird rode the 1st heat without a whip. Fashion subsequently weakened from want of condition.

Harkforward, the brother to the renowned Harkaway, has had a limited number of fine mares bred to him this season, which had been previously engaged. Among them we may mention Luda, Arraline's dam, Prima Donna, Wingfoot, Ellen Ferguson, Berenice, etc. It is understood that he will stand in Louisiana next season also, and be limited to sixty mares.

Cabinet of Sporting Curiosities.—To an esteemed friend at New Bedford Mass. we are indebted for two very interesting and valuable additions to our Sporting Curiosities, in the shape of a *Harpoon* and *Lance* used in the Whale Fishery. Each instrument looks as "savage as a meat axe," and has been repeatedly used in securing Jonah's favorite fish, by the hardy seamen of New Bedford. The Harpoon is about three and a half feet in length, the Lance about five feet; their weight is between four and five pounds each. To each of them the whalers attach a staff or rod ten feet in length, and to the harpoon some hundred fathoms of line. The probability is that this same harpoon has "travelled" at a "lick" that would put Fashion "behind the red flag!"

Mr. JAMES P. M. STETSON, of the Astor House, has also immortalized himself by sending us the head of a *Pike*, which weighed when dressed, twenty-two pounds! It was a remarkably fine fish in shape, color and flavor; it was taken in Lake Ontario, and its head differs materially in shape and size from the immense Pike taken in some of the Western rivers. We received some time since from Pittsburg the head of a Pike the live weight of which was twenty-five pounds, but, judging from the size of his head this sockdollarer, from Lake Ontario could have swallowed the other without "shedding a tear!" Such a mannikin as Gen. Tom Thumb he could have gobbled down as the whale did Jonah, and he would have kept him there, too! whereas when the whale got Jonah down he couldnt keep him down! Jonah must have been "one of 'em."—he must!

A *New Yacht*, we hear, is now on the stocks at Pittsburg, building for our gallant friend Com. JOHN T. McLAUGHLIN, of the U. S. Navy. It is to be of iron, 100 feet in length, and named *Hunter*, after the ingenious inventor of the submerged wheel or propeller.

Death of DUKE W. SUMNER, Esq.—We learn with regret from a Tennessee correspondent, that Duke W. Sumner, Esq., died at his residence, near Nashville, Tenn., on the 15th ult., in the 67th year of his age. Our correspondent states that Mr. S. was a native of Edgecombe County, North Carolina, and represented his county in the State Legislature, in 1806, and the following year removed to Tennessee; he afterwards resided for a time in Louisiana, but returned to Tennessee and lived on his farm till his death. Mr. Sumner was a man of warm and ardent feelings, but kind and hospitable, honest and correct in his dealings—a liberal and successful breeder of blood stock; his old grey mare Matilda, the dam of Country Maid and other good ones, has survived her master. She is descended from a mare brought by him from N. C. B.

Mobile Races, next winter, are likely to be "a touch beyant the common." A friend informs us that Messrs. FISHER & VALENTINE [trumps, both!] intend offering such strong inducements as will ensure the attendance of every crack stable in Alabama. It is "a sin and a shame" that the Louisiana and Mississippi stables at New Orleans never cross the Lake to give the good folks of Mobile a taste of their quality. The passage is made in less than twenty-four hours, and we hope *this* year that "every man will do his duty" in the premises. Alabama has contributed as much to the repute and attraction of the Sports of the Turf in New Orleans as any State in the South-west, and it is really due to the citizens of Mobile, who have so handsomely supported their Course, that the Turfmen at New Orleans should pay them a visit. The Bascombe Course is both safe and fast; Mobile boasts of many fine hotels, and her citizens are characterized by no stronger feature than their hospitality. Next season, gentlemen, we shall expect you to give "the Mobile boys" a turn and no mistake!

Turf Prospects in Kentucky.—A friend at Louisville, in a private letter, states that—"Racing is again looking up, all over. Our new man, METCALFE, is a horse—a perfect trump! He has got Kentuck by the wool. The Meeting next Fall will be a perfect crowder."

The fine little mare *Ann Hayes*, is said to be "almost another Miss Foote." She is worthy to succeed Sarah Bladen as a daughter of Leviathan, who has—since his stock came on the Turf—had a son or daughter near "the top of the

heap." Ann Hayes has run Mile heats in "the forties," Two mile heats in 3:43½—3:42½, and Four mile heats in 7:36½—7:42. She is or was the property of J. H. FRENCH, Esq., of Tennessee, and when last heard from was in the hands of LINN. COCH, of Memphis.

A fine stake, two mile heats, has already filled well, to come off over the Kendall Course, at the ensuing Fall Meeting. Victor, Vagra, Gaines, Kate Coy, and two Priam colts are already nominated. The stake is to close on the 1st of July.

The Toronto Races, over the Union Course, commenced on Tuesday last, and continued three days. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—ROBERT P. CROOKS, Esq., President; I. A. Smith, John Duggan, R. Machell, and R. Northcote, Esqrs., Stewards; Richard Tinning, sen., Esq., Treasurer; William B. Armstrong, Esq., Secretary.

Henry Cargill, and several other young things of high promise, from Florence, Ala., have been added to VAN LEER's string at Mobile.

A Louisville correspondent writes us that Alex. Churchill, the winner of a four mile heat there lately in 7:41 is "a rouser!" He adds that "H—in harness could not have caught him if his leg had stood!" With the exception of Miss Foote's 2d heat at Lexington in 7:40, Alex. Churchill's heat is the fastest ever made in Kentucky.

Death of ORIOLE.—A letter from Montgomery, Ala., informs us of the recent death by accident of Maj. D. MYERS' fine filly Oriole, by Imp. Leviathan out of Object, (the dam of Linnet, Wren, Falcon, Nightingale, etc.) by Marshal Nev.

John Dawson, a race horse and stallion of repute in Tennessee and Alabama, lately died in the latter State, of grubs. He was the property of R. B. HARRISON, E-q.

E. H. PENDLETON, Esq., of Baltimore, claims the name of Myra Gaines for his f. by Critic out of Testimony's dam by Tuckahoe. This fine filly was the winner of the Sweepstakes at the Kendall Course.

ANDREW HIKES, of Jefferson Co., Ky., claims the name of Sultana for a ch. filly (foaled 14th ult.) by Imp. Jordan out of Kitty Turner by Clifton, entered in "Galt House Stake" to be run Spring 1847.

MILE.—The following exhibit of the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries, will often prove a matter of useful reference to readers.

A mile in England or America,	1,760 yards.
Russia,	1,100
Italy,	1,477
Scotland and Ireland,	2,200
Poland,	4,400
Spain,	5,028
Germany,	5,066
Sweden & Denmark,	7,223
Hungary,	7,800
League in America or England,	5,280

FOOT RACE ON THE BEACON COURSE.

On the afternoon of Monday, June the 3d, the Beacon Course was thronged with a vast multitude, which has been estimated as high as 30 000. The day was remarkably fine, and the course in capital order. There were seventeen entries for the Purse of \$800—the prize of him who should run Ten miles and a quarter within an hour. The odds were 3 to 1 on Time, notwithstanding several cracks were entered. The favorites were STANNARD, LIVINGSTON, and MYERS. The "Mr. Livingston of New York," was understood

by the community generally as identical with a gentleman of this city, of family and fortune, of that name, who has on several occasions distinguished himself by his pedestrian performances in private. He never, for an instant, thought of entering for this purse, and very properly conceives that an unwarrantable liberty was taken with his name. His acquaintances, however, felt such confidence in his remarkable powers that for a day or two previous it was even betting between him and Stannard, while the two were backed *vs.* the field.

It was half-past 4 o'clock before the start took place, when the following entries answered to their names:—

Maj. H. Stannard, of Connecticut.
 Samuel Clemmons, of Syracuse.
 George Whitehead, of New York.
 David Myers, of Poughkeepsie.
 John Smith, of New York.
 John Guilder, of "
 James Leroy, of Brooklyn.
 James Stewart, of New York.
 J. C. Oberteuffer, of Philadelphia.

They started from opposite the quarter mile post at near the head of the quarter stretch, at the sound of the bugle. No one on horseback rode by the side of either, except in front of the stands; this was done to keep the course clear, as the crowd was terrific.

Stewart jumped off with the lead, but in a quarter of a mile four were abreast. Soon after, Stannard drew out in front and was never caught afterwards; Guilder was 2d, Smith 3d, and after three miles, Oberteuffer 4th. The placing will best explain the running:—

	MILES.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Stannard	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Guilder	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Smith	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	Stopt
Oberteuffer	6	5	5	4	Stopt					
Clemmons	5	3	4	Stopt						
Myers	3	Stopt								
Whitehead	Stopt									
Leroy	Stopt									
Stewart	Stopt									

At the end of the 9th mile Stannard led Guilder about ten rods, while Smith was half a mile behind him. Finding he could not win the \$500 purse, (by doing the 10½ miles), Stannard, in the middle of the 10th mile, walked for several rods more than once. He was sore of the purse of \$300, "any how," provided he came in 1st, and did not wish to over-fatigue himself. That he could have accomplished ten miles within the hour is beyond a doubt, as he was within 215 yards of it when the time was up. We should have premised that the bugle was sounded every six minutes. Smith was about a mile behind when Stannard finished his 10th mile, Guilder only about twenty rods behind Stannard at the finish, but exceedingly exhausted. Stannard's last quarter of a mile (after finishing the 10th mile) was the fastest in the whole race, while Guilder soon after finishing his 10th mile, fainted and was taken off the course by his friends. He recovered during the night and was said to be as fine as a star the following morning. ["Hope he had a good time!" exclaims a wag at our elbow.] Stannard's time for the 10 miles was 62:10½, and for the 10½ miles 64:35. He ran his 1st mile in 5:28, and his 2d in 5:47. Upon coming in Stannard did not appear to be much distressed. He was enthusiastically cheered, and before we left the upper Judges' Stand he had already mounted a fine horse and was showing off his equestrian abilities! Subsequently he rode up in front of the Club and Citizens' Stand, and addressed the spectators—according to the Sun's report—in the following terms:—

"I take this opportunity of thanking this vast concourse for the kindness which has been shown my competitors and myself during the trial which has

just terminated. Nine years ago Connecticut sent her son and her flag here, the one still waves by your courtesy on yonder hill, and the other returned saying, 'Vini, vidi, vici'—I came, I saw, I conquered. May I hope that Connecticut has no reason to be ashamed of her representative on this occasion? (Great cheering.) Again I heartily thank you, in the name of my competitors, for the attention and kindness shown to all of us this day."

Of course this pithy speech was received with universal applause, after which Stannard retired to take some refreshment, apparently by no means exhausted.

The prizes were to have been apportioned as follows: In case the 10½ miles were made within the hour, a purse of \$500 to the first in, to the second \$200, and the third \$100. In case the distance was not done within the time, \$300 to be given to the first in. Stannard therefore received the last mentioned sum, while the proprietors presented Guilder with \$50, and a collection of several half-hats' full of small change was given to the renowned John Smith who appears to be a monstrous long time a-dying.

The great Foot Race—ten miles within the hour—won by Stannard, in 1835, came off over the Union Course, on the 24th of April. He was in his twenty-fourth year, and weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds; his present weight is not so great by nearly twenty pounds. His most formidable competitors on that occasion were GEO. W. GLAUER, a Prussian, and PATRICK MAHONEY, an Irishman. The latter ran his first mile in 5:24. Stannard's time for the ten miles was 59:44, winning by sixteen seconds. As JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq. (who made the match, and rode at Stannard's side, watch in hand,) would not allow him to increase his speed, but kept him at a steady pace, Stannard, at the end of nine miles and three quarters, had exactly time sufficient to perform the match, provided he kept up his rate; but at this point Mr. S. allowed him to make play, and he consequently won with sixteen seconds to spare. As a matter of considerable interest at this time, we re-publish from a former number of the "Turf Register" the "placing" on that occasion:—

	MILES.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Stannard . . .	3	4	3	3	3	2	2	1	1	1
Glauer	2	2	1	1	2	3	3	3	2	2
Mahoney . . .	1	1	5	5	5	4	4	4	3	3
Downes . . .	5	3	2	2	1	1	1	2 gave in.		
McGargy . . .	6	7	7	7	4 gave in.					
Wall	4	5	4	4 gave in.						
Sutton	8	8	6	6 gave in.						
Mallard . . .	9	9	8	8 fell and gave in.						
Vermilvea . .	7	6 gave in.								

Bets upon Running Rein.—Innumerable questions have been put to us on the subject of the bets on this horse. It has been asked, in the event of his disqualification, if bets laid upon him are to be paid? Our answer is, Yes. If he be not the *b. c. by Saddler, out of Mab*, entered for the Derby, then the *b. c.* in question did not come to the post, and, as with any other non starter, bets must be paid as a matter of course. With respect to Leander no question has been raised, and the bets laid upon him have been paid without hesitation at Tattersall's.

A correspondent of "Bell's Life" states that the Running Rein party have retained Mr. Edwin James, who has had the papers and the evidence in this remarkable case submitted to him, and has given a very decided opinion as to the completeness of the case. Mr. Martin is retained for Col. Peel.

The Racing Calendar.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

Mr. CLARKE, the able editor of "The Arkansas Intelligencer," furnishes the annexed report:—

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1844—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. J. B. S. Todd's ch. c. <i>John Ross</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	1 1
P. Madden's ch. c. <i>John Belcher Jr.</i> , by John Belcher, dam by Stockholder.....	2 dist.
Maj. Lear's <i>Oregon</i> , by Imp. Leviathan	pd. ft.

Time, 3:51—3:52.

This race was a perfect "open and shut" case after the first quarter. John Ross took the lead, and was never lapped, winning the heat hard in hand. The second heat was a repetition of the first, "only more so." Considerable betting, and a few dropped their whole "pile." Capt. Tunstall's stable arrived too late to enter his fine mare Elizabeth Jones, or, in all probability, we should have had a much better contested race.

THURSDAY, May 16—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. S. Coodey's b. c. <i>Festivity</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.....	rec. ft.
J. A. Scott's <i>Rapidity</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Eclipse.....	pd. ft.
S. May's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Mary Ellen.....	pd. ft.
T. Musset's <i>Johanna</i> , by Belcher, dam by Stockholder	pd. ft.

A saddle race came off between Capt. Todd's horse *Billy Dixey* and Capt. Tunstall's *Eruption*, by Volcano; Billy slayed him easily, and the knowing ones fell heavy; such shouting was never heard.

Several Sweepstakes are made up to be run at Fort Gibson on the 24th and 25th September next. Also several to come off at Fort Smith, on the 8th Oct. Handsome purses will be given at both places, sufficient to induce fine stables to attend; and there appears to be a general disposition to improve the breed of horses in Arkansas, by ascertaining which is the right sort of stock. In a few years we will be equal to any State in the Union for fine horses.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

Dear Sir,—I was only a spectator of the following races; and, understanding that no regular report had been made to you, you will please excuse the liberty I have taken. I have no bills of either day's race before me, therefore have to make the report entirely from recollection; however, with the exception of the pedigrees of the young things, I think the report is, in the main, correct.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1844—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. c. <i>Tom Payne</i> , by Imp. Margrave—Emily Thomas' dam	1 1
Col. E. H. Pendleton's ch. f. <i>Myra Gaines</i> , by Critic, dam by Tuckahoe.....	2 2
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kitty Thompson</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler	3 3
Dennis Ferry's b. c. by Duane, out of Maid of the Neck	pd. ft.

Time, 1:51—1:53. Track heavy from rain.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. c. <i>Victor</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus.....	2 1 1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. c. <i>Tom Payne</i> , pedigree above	1 2 2
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Fidelity</i> , own sister to Register	3 3 dr
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. f. <i>Do See</i> , by Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson	pd. ft.

Time, 1:53—1:55—1:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$50, ent. \$10 each, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. m. by Imp. Priam, out of Julia Burton's dam, 5 yrs.....	1 3 1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's bl. f. <i>Mary Hume</i> , by Pamunky, out of Ruth, 3 yrs.....	2 1 2
Col. Francis Thompson's b. c. by Duane, dam by Imp. Tranby, 3 yrs.....	3 2 dist.

Time, 1:53—1:54—2:00.

THURSDAY, May 23—Jockey Club Purse, \$200 ent. 10 per cent., weights as before. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Pessenger's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs.....	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. <i>O See</i> , by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs....	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. <i>Ellen Lyon</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarté, 4 yrs.....	3	3
J. Beard's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Rokeby, 4 yrs.....	4	dr

Time, 3:55—4:02.

FRIDAY, May 24—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs....	3	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam omitted, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, dam by Contention, 7 yrs.....	4	3	dr
J. Beard's b. c. by Imp. Felt, dam by Rokeby, 4 yrs.....	2	dr	

Time, 6:01—5:55—6:13.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$150, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 6 yrs.....	1	1	5	4	1
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. g. pedigree not given, 4 yrs.....	5	5	3	1	2
Wm. Holmead's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam not given, 4 yrs.....	2	2	1	2	3
S. F. Mankin's ch. m. <i>Ceta</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Maria Heath, 6 yrs....	3	4	4	3	4
James Fossett's b. h. by Imp. Felt, dam by Rob Roy, 6 yrs.....	4	3	2	5	5

Time, 1:53—1:52½—2:00—2:02—1:55.

LEXINGTON, KY., ASSOCIATION COURSE.

We learn from the "Observer and Reporter"—from which paper we compile the annexed report—that these races commenced under favorable auspices, there being quite a number of fine horses on the ground, and that the attendance was very good.

TUESDAY, May 21, 1844—The "Brennan Stake," being a Silver Pitcher, value \$100, the gift of John Brennan, Esq.; for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Geo. W. Bradley's (John R. Smith's) ch. f. <i>Anne Harrod</i> , by Hickory John, dam by King William.....	4	1	1
James Shy's (J. L. Downing's) br. c. by Shark, dam by Tiger.....	1	2	2
H. W. Farris' b. f. <i>Ann Bell</i> , own sister to Jim Bell.....	3	3	3
Dr. E. Warfield's br. f. by Celestion, dam by Lance.....	2	dist.	

Time, 2:04—2:01½—2:12½. Track very heavy from rain the night previous.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. Shy's gr. c. <i>Billy Tonson</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs.....	1	1
S. Davenport's (S. W. Taylor's) b. c. <i>Wendover</i> , by Medoc—Queen of Trumps by Trumpator, 4 yrs.....	4	2
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. <i>Magdalen</i> , by Medoc, out of Keph's dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs....	2	3
Dr. E. Warfield's b. m. <i>Isola</i> , by Bertrand, out of Sissette by Aratus, 5 yrs.....	5	4
John Brennan's (Mr. Jeffers') ch. f. by Medoc, dam by Spread Eagle, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
John G. Chiles' (H. W. Farris') b. c. <i>Mingo Bell</i> , by Mingo, out of Jonquill by Little John, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.
Jas. L. Bradley's (F. Harper's) ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Moses, 4 yrs.....	7	dist.

Time, 3:58—3:53½.

THURSDAY, May 23—"Contractor's Stake" for 3 yr. olds, being a Silver Pitcher of the value of \$50, given by the contractors and stable-keepers; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' ch. f. <i>Liz Tillet</i> , by Frank, dam by Medoc.....	1	1
Jas. L. Bradley's b. c. by Grey Eagle, dam by Moses.....	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:54½.

FRIDAY, May 24—"Megowan Stake" for 3 yr. olds, being a Silver Pitcher of the value of \$50, given by Thomas B. Megowan, Esq.; colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$50 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

John R. Smith's ch. c. <i>Gold Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, out of Eliza Jenkins.....	1	1
Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. <i>Edward Eagle</i> , by Grey Eagle, out of Directress.....	3	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Flight</i> , by Celestion, out of Lancess.....	2	dist.
S. Davenport's b. f. by Frank, dam by Aratus.....	4	dist.

Time, 3:58—3:50.

SATURDAY, May 25—Jockey Club Purse \$300, conditions as on Wednesday. Three mile heats.

H. W. Farris' b. c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....	4	1	1
Willia Viley's b. m. <i>Argentile</i> , by Bertrand—Allegante by Imp. Truffle, 6 yrs....	1	2	2
Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. <i>Marco</i> , by Sir Leslie, dam by Lance 4 yrs.....	2	dist.	
James Shy's gr. c. <i>Billy Tonson</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs....	3	dist.	

Time, 5:52—5:50—6:00.

This was a beautifully contested race, and excited the highest interest from the commencement to the close. The betting was spirited, and in every variety of form which can well be imagined. The race was won in three heats by Denmark, after a most gallant contest with Argentile each heat.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The following incomplete report of these races is compiled from the "Banner" and "Whig" of that city:—

TUESDAY, May 28, 1844—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-nine subs. at \$300 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Henry Dickinson's b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Mary Smith by Sir Richard.....	1	1
G. W. Parker's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan—Charlotte Hamilton by Sir Charles	2	2

Time, 1:53—1:50. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Clara Howard by Imp. Barefoot	1	1
G. Richardson's gr. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam omitted	2	2
M. D. Simmons' ch. g. by Snakeroot, dam by Stranger	dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:53.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's bl. c. by Othello, out of Polly Bellew by Timoleon.....	3	1	1
Miles Kelly's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard	2	2	2
Thos. Alderson's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Mary Davis	1	3	3
J. B. Carter's b. c. by Eclipse, out of Sally Nailor	dr		

Time, 3:54—3:52—3:53. Track heavy.

THURSDAY, May 30—Proprietor's Purse \$100. ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. B. Johnson's b. f. <i>Purity</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Betty Martin, . yrs	1	1
Col. George Elliott's ch. g. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Barefoot, 4 yrs	*	*
Willie Taylor's ch. c. by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Alpha, 4 yrs	*	*
R. Skinner's gr. m. <i>Cripple</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Gamma's dam, 5 yrs	*	*
Maj. Samuel Ragland's ch. f. by Badger, dam by Imp. Leviathan, . yrs	*	*
Thos. Alderson's ch. f. <i>Maria Martin</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Merlin, 4 yrs	*	*
M. D. Simmons' ch. h. by Stockholder, dam by Aristotle, 6 yrs	*	*
B. Pitts' b. h. by Imp. Whale, dam not given, 6 yrs	*	*

Time not given. Track heavy. * Not placed.

Will the Secretary furnish a complete report?

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA,

CAMDEN COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Three subs. at \$500 each, \$200. ft. Two mile heats.

James Long's (John Goodram's) b. f. <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus by Virginian	rec. ft.
Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. c. <i>Yamacraw</i> (half brother to Fashion), by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles	pd. ft.
Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. Stockton's) b. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy	pd. ft.

Patsey Anthony was fortunate in having no competitor, the Miss Mattie filly by Trustee being lame, and Yamacraw otherwise amiss.

SAME DAY—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

H. A. Conover's (D. Jones') b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	1	1
James K. Van Mater's b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by Catton, 6 yrs	3	2
Samuel Laird's br. c. <i>Neptune</i> , by Shark (dam omitted), 4 yrs	2	3
Wm. Green's b. m. <i>Kit Ford</i> , by Shylock (dam omitted), 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:50.

A capital race, writes our correspondent. In the Philadelphia papers we see that they make two other horses start as follows—we quote verbatim:—

Col. Hugg's b. c. by Duan, 4 yrs	dist.
Mr. Ghee's bh. l. mare by Tuckeyhoe, dam by Southern Eclipse, 5 yrs	d st.

Who the deuce is Col. Hugg, and who is Mr. GHEE? The same papers state that the 2d heat was won by Livingston in 1:49, and that Neptune was distanced! Wonderful men, these Philadelphia editors!

THURSDAY, May 30—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. <i>Midas</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 5 yrs	1	1
H. A. Conover's ch. m. <i>Grace Darling</i> , by Imp. Trustee, 5 yrs	3	2
Otway P. Hare's ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberoze by Arab, 6 yrs	2	3

Time, 3:49—3:53.

FRIDAY, May 31—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. f. <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Telemachus by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	1
Jas. K. Van Mater's br. h. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs	3	3

Time, 6:15—6:02½.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.		
Jas. K. Van Mater's b. c. by Imp. Langford, 3 yrs	1	1
Wm. Green's ch. m. <i>Kitty Ford</i> , by Shylock, 5 yrs	*	*
P. Hugg's b. c. <i>Alfred Duane</i> , by Duane, 4 yrs	*	*
Time, 2:00—2:00. * Not placed.		
SATURDAY, June 1—J. C. Purse \$700, conditions as before. Three mile heats.		
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs	1	1
Otway P. Hare's (Thos. D. Watson's) ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , pedigree before, 5 yrs	2	dr
Time, 5:51.		

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING,

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

The meeting commenced on Tuesday last under most favorable auspices; the only drawbacks were the lameness of a crack in Capt. Stockton's stable, and the absence of Dunvegan, who was amiss. Owing to these circumstances, the projected four mile stake for 4 yr. olds, in which Patsey Anthony was nominated, did not fill.

The entries for the Club purses, two mile heats, were Col. Johnson's *Senator*, Mr. Laird's *Delaware*, and Mr. Jones' *Livingston*. Senator is the largest of Priam's get in this country, not excepting Monarch or Regent. He has prodigious length and height, as well as bone and muscle, which he takes from his dam, Ariadne, a slashing daughter of Gohanna. Delaware, by Mingo, is another "Great Mogul;" indeed, Mingo's colts are nearly all of them sixteen hands, under the standard. Livingston was the most bloodlike horse in the field; forehanded—i. e. forward of his girth—he is particularly fine.

The course was rather heavy, from recent showers, so that a lugging race was anticipated. Senator was the favorite vs. the field, notwithstanding his long campaign. The 1st heat was run exactly to suit him, for his forte is a brush. Livingston went away with the lead, Senator 2d, all under a hard pull, so that the first half mile was run at the rate of 2:12 (being done in 1:06). After passing the half mile post the pace improved somewhat; the field came through lapped. Nothing occurred to change the betting until the horses came opposite the half-mile post, where Joe Laird, on Delaware, was ordered to take him in hand. Senator now went up and challenged Livingston for the lead, and after a long and severe brush he won the heat, under the whip, by a head and shoulders. Remsen yawed Livingston off his stride no less than three times while coming down the quarter stretch, in his endeavors to use his whip; his only chance was to have taken a good pull at his horse, and let him stride along all the way from the start. It was now all China to a China orange that Senator must win, though some of the Jersey Blues still "thought no small beer" of Delaware. He and Livingston made play in the second heat, and carried on the running for a mile and half, when Senator got up to them; he soon passed Delaware, and after brushing around the turn, came in front at the head of the quarter, and won cleverly in 3:50—capital time, under the circumstances.

A second race, at mile heats, immediately succeeded, in which Grace Darling pulled all the way to a fine saddle horse—a gelding, as fat as a quarter horse—whose friends were very sweet on him. Lochinvar, a son of Sir Lovel, was also entered, but did not come to the post.

Recapitulation:—

TUESDAY, June 4, 1844—Jockey Club Purse \$300, with \$50 to the second best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ariadne by Gohanna, 5 yrs	<i>Gil. Patrick.</i>	1	1
H. Alfred Conover's (D. Jones') b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, d. by Henry, 4 ys		2	2
Samuel Laird's b. h. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs		3	3
Time, 4:00—3:50.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, entrance \$10 each, added, weights as before. Mile heats.

H. Alfred Conover's ch. m. <i>Grace Darling</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 5 yrs	<i>Abr. Remsen.</i>	1	1
H. K. Toler's (Mr. —'s) b. g. <i>Snaky Hyacinth</i> , by Sir Simon, d. by Eclipse, aged		2	dr
Time, 2:03.			

SECOND DAY.

There were but two entries for the Three mile purse, owing to the fact, very likely, that Midas was regarded as second only to Blue Dick. His com-

petitor was Grace Darling. Midas, a son of Imp. Rowton, was bred, we believe, by the Brothers MERRITT, of Virginia. Last season he was started at Nashville by the Hon. B. PEYTON, having been trained by Belcher. He suddenly went amiss on the day of the race, and was ingloriously defeated. Capt. Belcher, on his return to Virginia, brought home Midas with him, and soon after disposed of an interest in him of one half to Col. JOHNSON. Since his establishment in the stable of "Old Nap," ARTHUR appears to have given him the power bestowed on his namesake, whose touch turned everything into gold. Midas has become a most formidable horse: so much so, that the friends of Fashion would as lieve run her against Blue Dick as him. He is remarkably bloodlike—measures $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands under the standard, and is a blood bay, without white. His style of going is superb; and to a fine turn of speed, he adds unusual strength and stamina.

Grace Darling is also a very promising mare, but CONOVER did not consider her near up to the mark on the present occasion. She is wonderfully like Fashion, not only in color, but in shape and action, but on a reduced scale. The betting was extremely limited, the odds being very heavy on Midas.

The Race:—Grace Darling was allowed to cut out the work for about two miles, when Midas collared her, and after running with her for sixty or seventy yards, he passed; "\$100 to 1, barring accidents!" was "the state of the odds" at this point. Midas won in hand in $5:58\frac{1}{2}$. The second heat was a repetition of the 1st, Midas having it all his own way, like the bull in the china shop.

Recapitulation:—

WEDNESDAY, June 5—Jockey Club Purse \$500, with \$100 to the second best horse, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Midas*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke,

5 yrs *Gil. Patrick.* 1 1

H. Alfred Conover's ch. m. *Grace Darling*, pedigree before, 5 yrs. 2 2

Time, $5:58\frac{1}{2}$ —6:06.

THIRD DAY.

FASHION SAVED FROM DEFEAT BY ACCIDENT!

NINE CHEERS FOR BLUE DICK!

Bolting of Blue Dick through the fence when victory was sure!

Thursday was a day of almost unparelled excitement on the Union Course. An immense concourse was assembled to witness the sixth encounter of Fashion and Blue Dick. The stands were crammed and the field in front, from drawgate to drawgate, was lined with carriages three or four deep; not less, probably, than six hundred were on the ground. From 9 o'clock until 2 p. m. extra trains of cars of great length were constantly running from the Brooklyn Ferry to the course, all densely packed with passengers. The course was rather heavy and the wind was strong,—in both respects similar to what they were on the occasion of the match between Bascombe and Post Boy.

Upon stripping, Fashion appeared unaccountably high in flesh, and it was suspected in the course of the day that certain indelicate notions in her head detracted from the fleetness of her heels. She had not had a hard race during the campaign and it was for some time a matter of doubt, whether she would have a competitor on the Island at all, or, at least, one of any note. The consequence was that she was indulged, and took on a great deal of flesh. She never started so short of work as on this occasion. ARTHUR TAYLOR had Blue Dick in condition to run for a man's life; we do not recollect to have ever seen a more highly conditioned horse. Dick had Craig on his back, while Joe Laird, as usual, rode Fashion, who was the favorite at 4 to 1. We must premise that Young Dove was also entered, but she had no chance whatever, not being up to the mark in condition.

THE RACE.

Blue Dick led off at a very moderate rate, Young Dove being 2d, with Fashion lapped on her, all under a strong pull. The 1st mile was run in 1:59, and the 2d in 1:58, Fashion coming through second. On commencing the 3d mile the pace mended, but there was no change in the relative positions of the horses; this mile was run in 1:53. Soon after coming through on the 3d mile, Fashion went up close and laid with Blue Dick to near the head of the quarter

stretch, where Craig and Joe both went to work in earnest, and claret was tapped on both sides. At the drawgate it looked to be anybody's heat. Fashion, without much of a scuffle, outfooted the horse, and won by near a length in 7:46½, Young Dove being nowhere!

Fashion seemed to be considerably distressed after the heat, and it was manifest she did not cool out well. Those familiar with her style of going could not but remark that her action in the 1st heat was unusual; she appeared to labor a good deal, and we could see that Joe was obliged frequently to use his spurs. Blue Dick on the contrary, was as fresh as paint before time was called. The odds on Fashion, notwithstanding, were \$100 to \$15.

Second Heat: Young Laird gave up the track to Craig, but he being ordered to put the issue on a brush, would not cut out the work; for a quarter of a mile the pace was a mere hand gallop; at length Laird cut loose with Fashion, who led by half a dozen yards, at a very indifferent rate, for about three miles, but on commencing the 4th mile Blue Dick increased his stride, which for some time had been gradually mending; at the quarter post he challenged, and ran locked with the mare for several lengths, when Craig thinking he had the foot of her took a pull on his horse up the hill opposite the half mile post, and then went up and collared her. The struggle was short and sharp; the horse seemed to pass with quite a degree of ease, and when he swung into the head of the quarter stretch he must have been two lengths ahead. Here both jockies made strong play, and a tremendous struggle ensued which continued to the very last stride at the stand! Never was there a finer, a more gallant brush, and never were ten thousand spectators more excited! The shouts were deafening on all sides, the friends of each horse appearing to exert their lungs to the utmost, in cheering and disputing about the winner. The President immediately announced that "a majority of the Judges pronounced this a *dead heat*!" [His own opinion was that Fashion was the winner and he so informed the owner and trainer of Blue Dick, while it was the opinion of the writer of this report (who was an associate judge,) that Blue Dick came through ahead some five or six inches; the third judge entertained the confident opinion that it was a dead heat, and after a few moments consultation a *dead heat* was officially announced.]

This decision excited considerable remark, a great majority of the spectators believing that Blue Dick was the winner by from six inches to two feet; but of course they did not occupy places exactly in front of the Judges' stand and consequently were unable to decide accurately. How people who stand from two to two hundred yards from the line, know so much more about the result of a heat than three gentlemen who are placed in the Judges' Stand expressly to decide the matter, is really somewhat remarkable, and yet they do not scruple, on all occasions, to set up their judgment in opposition to the constituted authorities.

We may add of this dead heat that the 1st mile was run in 2:10½—the 2d in 2:02½—the 3d in 1:57—the 4th in 1:54½, making the heat in 8:04½.

Betting now commenced in earnest, Blue Dick having the call. He cooled out superbly, and Fashion much better than after the 1st heat. By most of her friends she was considered done. "After five trials Blue Dick has fetched her at last!" was the remark of the knowing ones, though a few still thought her chance about an equal one, and took the odds against her. The thirty-five minutes having expired, the drum was tapped and the horses started for the

Third Heat: Fashion led off with Blue Dick well up, and carried on the running at about three parts speed for nearly two miles, the 1st being run in 2:05, and the 2d in 1:56. On finishing the 2d mile Dick got up closer and forced the pace without attempting to pass. Fashion led through as before (in 1:55). Soon after passing the stand, Craig called on Blue Dick who responded like a trump. He looked ripe for mischief, and Joe clapped spurs to the mare, so that for three or four hundred yards the pace was first-rate. On reaching the hill opposite the half-mile post, he nearly reached her, but a desperate stab of the spur got another link out of her; her want of order, however, told but too plainly. After going over the hill Craig brought up his horse with a furious rush, and the thing was out! He passed her at once, made strong play and finally came home a gallant winner by two lengths, running the last or 12th mile in 1:57, and the heat in 7:53.

Two and three to 1 on Blue Dick now went begging; barring accidents, he was "bound" to win. The mare was covered with perspiration each heat, and could not be dried up, while Blue Dick recovered in an extraordinary degree. Having been trained with a curb-bit, he appears to have lost something of his remarkable turn of speed, while his stamina and game seem to be increased in an equal ratio. But we must saddle and bring up our horses for the

Fourth Heat: Neither Craig nor Joe seemed willing to lead, and the former jerked Blue Dick about so that he was in danger of throwing himself. At length Fashion set off at a racing pace, with the horse within two or three lengths of her, hard in hand. Near the half-mile post the trainers had taken down a length or two of the paling on the inner side of the course, so as to admit their horses on to the training track on the inside. Fashion passed the open paling, with Blue Dick well up, but as Craig was pulling his neck double, no sooner had Blue Dick reached the opening than *he dashed through it and bolted into the field fifty yards or more*, before Craig could pull him up! With great nerve and presence of mind Craig yawed his head around, and having got it in the direction of the open paling, he rammed in his spurs up to the rowels! In an incredibly brief space he got his horse back into the track and then made play at the very top of his rate. Before this unfortunate circumstance occurred the odds on him were turtle to tripe, or "the Royal Proclamation to a Penny Ballad!" Fashion must have opened a gap on him of nearly 400 yards before he was fairly in stride again, but so gallantly did he respond to the calls upon him, that it was the opinion of many that he would catch her. He would have done so had the distance been increased half a mile. Fashion was dreadfully tired and leg weary, while Blue Dick showed the most invincible game. She ran the 1st mile in 2:12—the 2d in 1:59—the 3d in 2:09, and the 4th in 2:03, making 8:23. On the latter part of the 4th mile Blue Dick made a desperate struggle, and for a few moments he looked like a winner, but Laird forced his mare all the way, and she finally came in ahead by four or five lengths; thus, by the merest accident, winning the race out of the fire!

Both jockies acquitted themselves admirably, and the race, while it does not disgrace Fashion by any means, confers vast renown on Blue Dick. He must have run his 4th heat in about eight minutes. Although she would undoubtedly have lost the race, but for Blue Dick's bolting, the "old Nap." assures us that Fashion's performance, in the condition she was in, was most extraordinary.

For more than twenty years no such mishap has occurred as this bolting of Blue Dick. In a race ran at Broadrock, Va., many years ago, nearly the same thing occurred to Col. Johnson, "with a difference." A field of six or seven started, Col. J. running Nullifier. In the 2d or 3d heat Nullifier bolted into the field, and his jockey forced him across it and actually made him leap the fence back again! He came in nearly half a mile behind the other horses, but two of them having run a dead heat Nullifier was allowed to start again, *and he won the Purse!* Upon this the Club altered its rules in regard to horses distanced in a dead heat, as they stand at this day.

Before the main race Mr. LIVINGSTON'S Dunvegan, who looked extremely well, galloped for the Mile purse, Delaware, who was entered, having fallen lame.

THURSDAY, June 6—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, with \$200 to the second best horse, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Sam'l. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner and Edith's dam) by Sir Charles, 7 yrs .. <i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	0	2	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 7 yrs..... <i>Craig.</i>	2	0	1	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Dove by Durroc, 6 yrs.....				dist.

Time, 7:46½—8:04½—7:53—8:23. Course rather heavy.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, entrance \$10, added, weights as before. Mile heats.

Walter Livingston's b. c. <i>Dunvegan</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of <i>Jemima</i> (Job's dam) by Rattler, 4 yrs.....	walked over
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LOUISVILLE (Ky.) SPRING MEETING.

OAKLAND COURSE.

LOUISVILLE, June 10, 1843.

Dear P.,—In my last I predicted a brilliant meeting at the Oakland Course, and by the annexed account you will perceive that my prediction was fully realized. The weather was unusually pleasant, and the attendance on each day much more numerous than upon any like occasion for years past. The Colonel's (METCALFE) success is now certain. The whole of Kentucky appears to join heart and hand in the matter. During the week there were some very fine stakes filled to be run in the Fall, when the purses will be increased in amount.

The races came off under the management of the following officers:—

ROBERT J. WARD, Esq., *President.*

Vice Presidents:

Capt. Wm. Preston,	F. A. Kaye, Esq.,
Col. S. Ormsby,	Jno. Joyes, Esq.,
W. H. Walker, Esq.,	Capt. A. P. Churchill.

Stewards:

J. R. Throckmorton, Esq.,	Richard Phillips, Esq.,
W. P. Saefferd, Esq.,	Chas. H. Robards, Esq.,
Collis Ormsby, Esq.,	J. S. Mosby, Esq.

Ladies' Committee:

W. H. Churchill, Esq.,	John Barbee, Esq.,
W. J. Heady, Esq.,	B. W. Pollard, Esq.,
A. J. Ballard, Esq.,	J. S. Speed, Esq.,
William Robards, Esq.,	J. H. Crittenden, Esq.

The following will give you some idea of the sport of the week:—

MONDAY, June 3, 1844—Annual County Stakes for 3 yr. olds, for a Silver Pitcher, given by the Proprietor, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Nine subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Lewis Geiger's (F. Herr's) ch. c. John Anderson, by Cadmus, out of Kate Anderson's dam.....	3 1 1
B. Maloney's ch. f. by Cadmus, dam by Rattler.....	1 3 2
Samuel Deyes' ch. f. by Brimmer, dam by Bertrand.....	2 2 dist.
John Anderson's bl. f. by Imp. Valparaiso, out of Kitty White by Aratus.....	dist.

Time, 1:56—1:59—2:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—"Stable Stake"—a Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, weights as before, to which is added a handsome Silver Pitcher, value \$100, given by Messrs.

P. N. Frederick, E. Levi, Jr., T. B. Satterwhite, J. W. Lynn, S. Sanders, P. R. Barnes, Jno. B. Heuter, M. Leach, J. W. Robards, Z. D. Parker, and James H. Miller. Six subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's ch. c. Edward Eagle, by Grey Eagle, dam by Director.....	4 1 1
Gen. M. M. Rawlings' b. c. Hydra, by Imp. Chesterfield, dam by Wanderer...	1 2 2
H. Gray's bl. c. by John Richards, dam unknown.....	3 3 dist.
Benj. Luckett's ch. f. by Grey Eagle, dam by Jackson.....	2 4 dr
J. H. Miller's (Col. Wm. R. Johnson's) b. c. by Imp. Priam, d. by Sir Charles	pd. ft.
Throckmorton & Johnson's b. f. by Birmingham, dam by Mercury.....	pd. ft.

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:59.

TUESDAY, June 4—Proprietor's Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings Mile heats.

Wm. Buford, sen's b. h. Mirabeau, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	1 1
James Shv's ch. f. Calanthe, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....	3 2
Andrew Hikes' ch. f. Roseberry, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	2 3
H. W. Farris' br. m. Lucretia Noland, by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Frank, 5 yrs.....	4 4

Time, 1:55—1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for untried 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

H. W. Farris' ch. f. Liz Tillett, by Frank, dam by Medoc.....	1 1
Capt. Willa Viley's b. c. by Woodpecker, out of Mistletoe by Cherokee.....	3 2
J. R. Smith's ch. f. Ann Harrod, by Hickory John, dam by King William.....	2 3
Joseph Metcalfe's gr. g. by Birmingham, dam by Winter's Arabian.....	pd. ft.

Time, 1:53½—1:53.

The second race was a most beautiful one, notwithstanding it was perfectly evident to every one after they had started, that Liz Tillett could easily run away from the other two. She won both heats easily, and under a heavy pull all the way round. After the first heat, there was considerable betting as to which would be the best, Viley's bay colt, or Ann Harrod. They both came in under whip and spur, Viley's colt being half a length ahead. Before the race Liz Tillett was the favorite against the field.

The winner is a perfect picture, and I shall be greatly disappointed if she does not make a "stir" in the South.

WEDNESDAY, June 5—Proprietor's Purse \$300, weights as before. Two mile heats.
 A. Hikes & Co.'s ch. f. *Miss Clash*, by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Col. Metcalfe's (W. Palmer's) b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 D. Field's ch. f. *Viola*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific, 4 yrs..... 4 3
 James Shy's gr. c. *Billy Tonson*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Cherokee, 4 yrs..... 3 dr
 Time, 3:46—3:43. Track in good order.

A very beautiful race, although won *easily* by Clash. She took the lead in each heat, after rounding the first turn, which she maintained throughout; the bay colt making several tremendous but ineffectual efforts to "head" her. Before the start the betting was very spirited. *Viola* was much thought of, and "her party," from the fact of her winning at Clinton (La.) in 3:44, thought her *invincible*, and keeping the affair entirely quiet, had the satisfaction of laying out as much money as they wished upon the result.

I think *Viola* a capital race nag—she will no doubt retrieve her lost character upon the first favorable opportunity. Clash was trained by Mr. John Armstrong, who deserves no little praise for the superior condition in which he led her to the post. You will find ere long that she is an "A No. 1" in any crowd. *Nous verrons*—as Ritchie would say.

THURSDAY, June 6—Proprietor's Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. *Argentile*, by Bertrand, out of Imp. *Allegriante* by Truffle, 6 yrs..... 1 1
 W. Buford, senr's br. c. *Cathu*, by Imp. Hedgtord, dam by Medoc, 4 yrs..... 2 2
 Benj. Maloney's ch. h. *Hemlock*, by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs..... 3 dist.
 S. Davenport's b. c. *Wendover*, by Medoc, dam by Trumpator, 4 yrs..... dr
 Time, 5:42—5:51.

A "soft snap" for the old mare. What a form she has to be sure! And yet her race with Miss Foote (7:42—7:40!) is thought and talked of, as though it were an every day occurrence! I do not know what chance she has had, but I am decidedly of the opinion that she is the best nag that has been raised in Kentucky in years.

FRIDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Frederick Herr's b. f. *Kate Anderson*, by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs..... 2 2 4 3 1 1 1
 W. Buford, senr's b. h. *Mirabeau*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 3 4 1 1 2 2 2
 Jas. Shy's gr. c. *Billy Tonson*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1 2 2 3 3 3
 Joseph Metcalfe's b. c. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs..... 4 3 3 dist.
 Time, 1:56—1:53—1:55—1:54½—1:52½—1:55½—1:54.

An extremely interesting race. The course was heavy in the morning from rain the night previous. As the race progressed the course improved, which partly accounts for the time of the heats being so much "in the same notch." While the race was pending, there was scarcely any way to be found that somebody would not bet. The result was that everybody who "hedged" found themselves *minus* in the end.

A mule race followed, which was won by Pleasant Fowler, Esq., (alias Monk) but as "the animals" did not run fast enough to break the Sabbath in Connecticut, we "took no note of time."

The Four Mile Day.—The feature of the meeting was reserved for the last day, which brought together Kentucky's champion *Alex. Churchill*, *Consol Jr.*, *Motto*, and *Denmark*, for the J. C. Purse, four mile heats. The excitement was very great, as was also the crowd that assembled to witness the race. I never saw a *grander* (that's the word) display of beauty and loveliness than the ladies' stand presented on this occasion. The field and public stands were also completely lined with people. The betting commenced early in the evening previous—*Consol vs.* the field, and large amounts changed hands. It would have been much more fatal to the *Consol* party, but fears were entertained of *Alex.*'s leg; and the others were not thought of in the race. At starting 100 to 80 went begging. The story of the race is easily told. In the first heat *Denmark* went off with the lead at a steady pace, and maintained his position until rounding the last stretch of the 3d mile, when *Consol Jr.*, who had been lying in the wake of the party, moved up to *Churchill*, and visibly increased the pace—there had, in fact, been a gradual increase of pace from the start until this point, but all apparently running at ease. The run home at the close of the 3d mile, was beautiful. *Denmark* resigned his position, as the others drove up, and quietly dropped in his distance. The last mile was contested by *Consol Jr.* and *Churchill*, the latter caught and passed the former coming down the

quarter stretch, and at the stand it looked as if he mastered him quite easily. It appears that John Ford, who rode Consol Jr., became exhausted in the first quarter of the 4th mile, and from that time to the close of the race, could give his horse no support. It was with difficulty he could get into the judges' stand to be weighed. His place was supplied by Bunn, who rode the remainder of the race. John Ford reduced 16lbs. to enable him to ride to 100lbs.!! The time of the heat was 7:41!—the quickest ever made over the Oakland Course.

2d heat—Denmark bounced off with the lead, Motto second, and opened a gap in the 1st mile of about 60 yards, which he increased at the end of the 2d mile to nearly 100 yards, the others stringing along in the wake of Motto. Denmark moved along at a steady pace, and keeping the gap he had made, won the heat in 7:54, without being put to the least inconvenience. Consol Jr. was behind, and there he remained, just "dropping in." The horses (all but Churchill) appeared improved after this heat. He was quite lame, and from appearances must give way in the left fore-leg. Motto was now coming into favor with the crowd. Consol Jr. stood rather better in the eyes of his backers than he did after the first heat, and in consequence the faces "shortened up" a little.

3d heat—Motto made play from the score, Churchill second, Denmark in good position to "lay up," and Consol Jr. well placed although behind. At the end of the 2d mile it was painfully apparent to all that Churchill had given way, and at the middle of the 3d mile, I think, he was stopped. Two miles were run without much alteration in their positions, when Consol Jr. made play, and passing Denmark and Churchill, collared Motto, and at it they went full tilt, nor was it until the termination of the heat, that the best judge in the world could have told which would win the heat—Consol won it by about saddle-skirts. But, oh! how tired they were. I thought they never would reach the goal. Denmark dropped in his distance quietly—time, 8:03.

Motto was of course now ruled out, and Denmark and Consol Jr. started for the

4th heat—Denmark took the lead, and ran away from Consol Jr.; all interest in the race was now at an end. In coming down the quarter stretch (1st mile) Armstrong (Consol's trainer), found that Consol would not or could not run, and stopped him. Denmark slowly went on his way, rejoicing the hearts of the fielders. No time was kept of the heat.

The result of the race, then, is this, in brief: *Denmark distanced the field in four heats of Four miles each, without being collared in the race, or being touched with whip or spur! "Hurrah, my Denmark!"* His owner's luck has changed, this Spring, and all his friends (and he has as many as the "next man") rejoice at it—I for one. A better man, to my notion, is never met; his equals very seldom. Long may he live to enjoy this turn of fortune, and long may it continue. The day closed as it opened, and the cheerful throng that the surrounding towns and country sent forth, went home in high glee. The sound of the last shout I heard as I left the Course still rings in my ears—"Hurrah for Denmark!" I will add—hurrah for The Oakland and its worthy proprietor, Joe Metcalfe.

SATURDAY, June 8—J. C. Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry W. Farris' (Mr. Perkins') br. h. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harrison, by Aratus, 5 yrs	3	1	3	1
H. Heinsohn's br. c. <i>Consol Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Nun's Daughter, 4 yrs	2	4	1	dist.
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. m. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins, 5 yrs	4	3	2	r. o.
Capt. Willa Viley's b. c. <i>Alex. Churchill</i> , by Imp. Zinganee, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs	1	2	dist.	

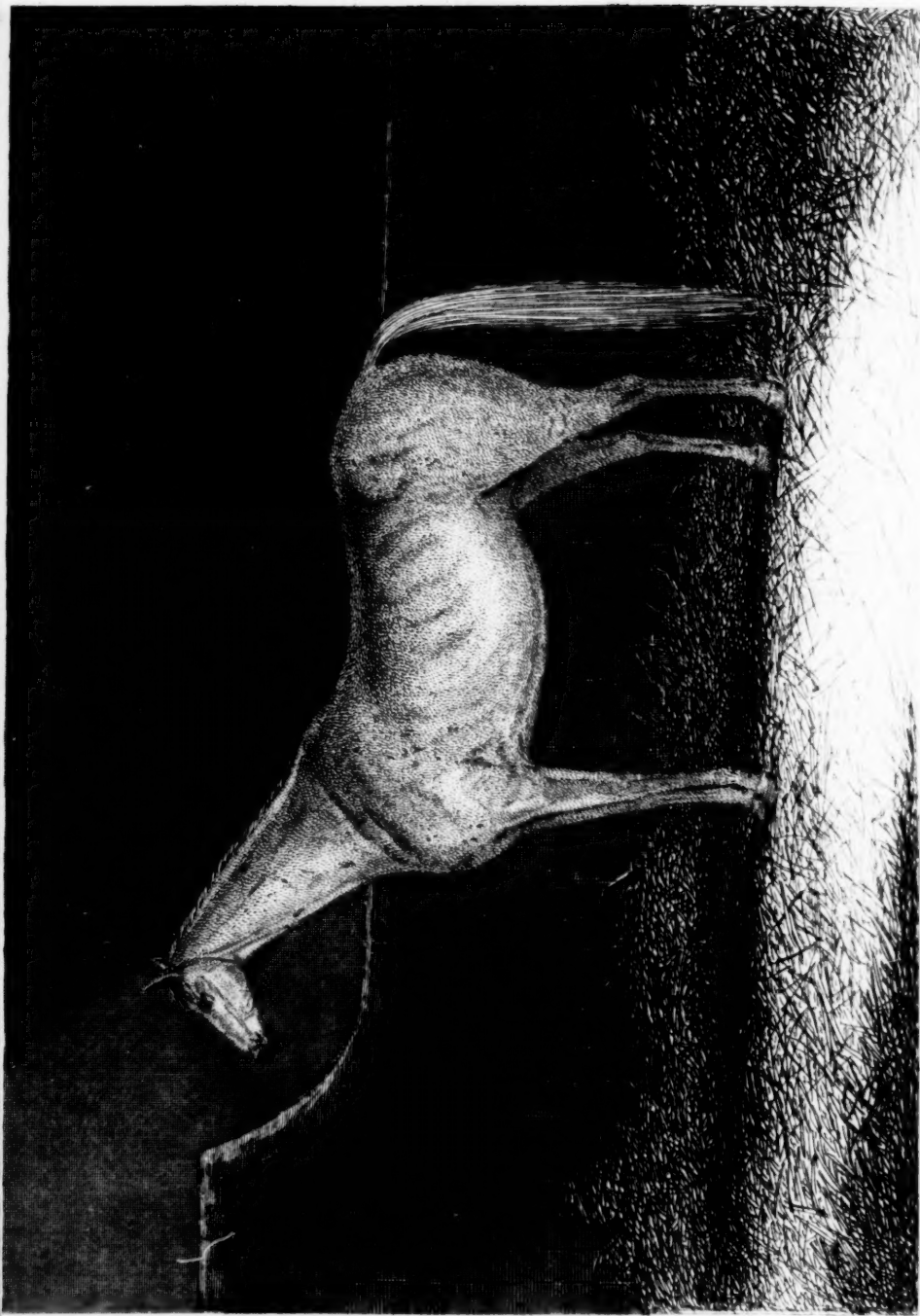
First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.	
First mile	2:01	First mile	2:04	First mile	2:05
Second mile	1:57	Second mile	1:56	Second mile	1:55
Third mile	1:51	Third mile	1:58	Third mile	1:59
Fourth mile	1:52	Fourth mile	1:56	Fourth mile	2:04

First Heat 7:41 | Second Heat 7:54 | Third Heat 8:03

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$1000. Mile heats.
 Fergus Duplantier's ch. c. *St. Charles*, by Imp. Jordan, dam by Mercury 1 1
 Wm. P. Greer's b. f. *Lizzy Simms*, by Tarlton, dam by Tiger 2 2
 Time, 1:53—2:00.

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